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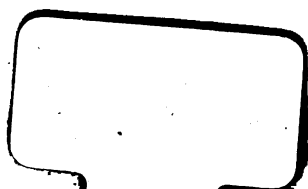
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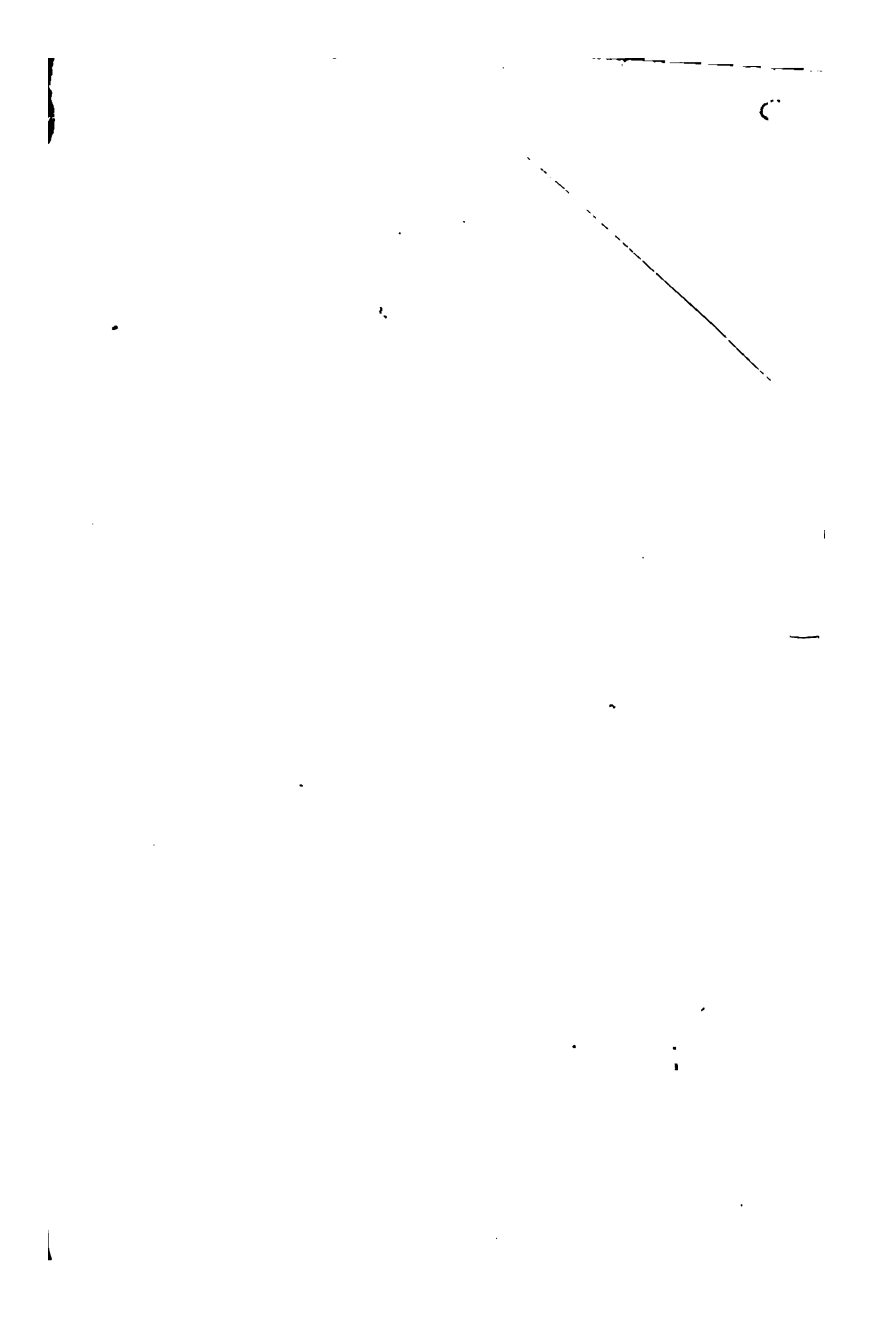
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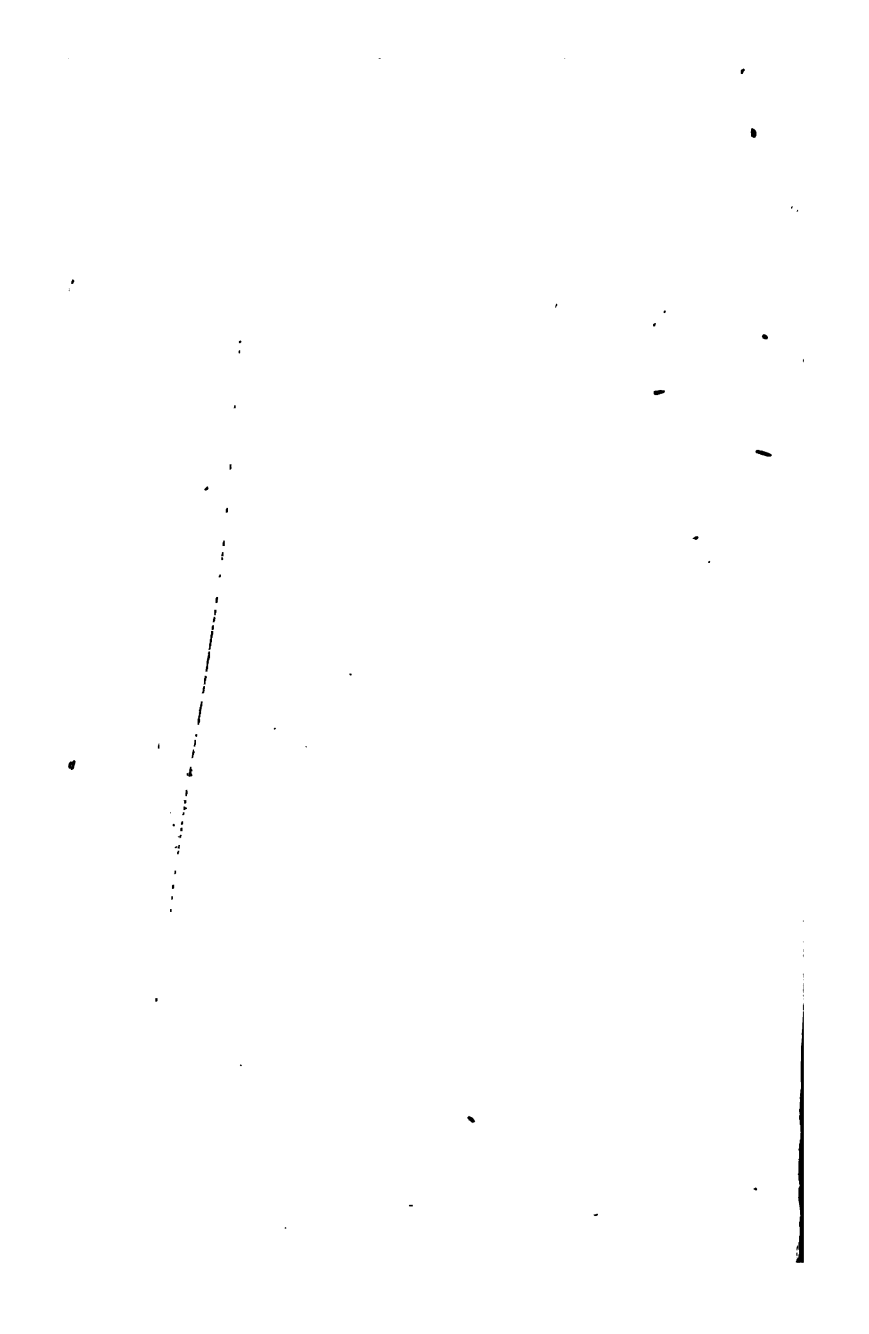
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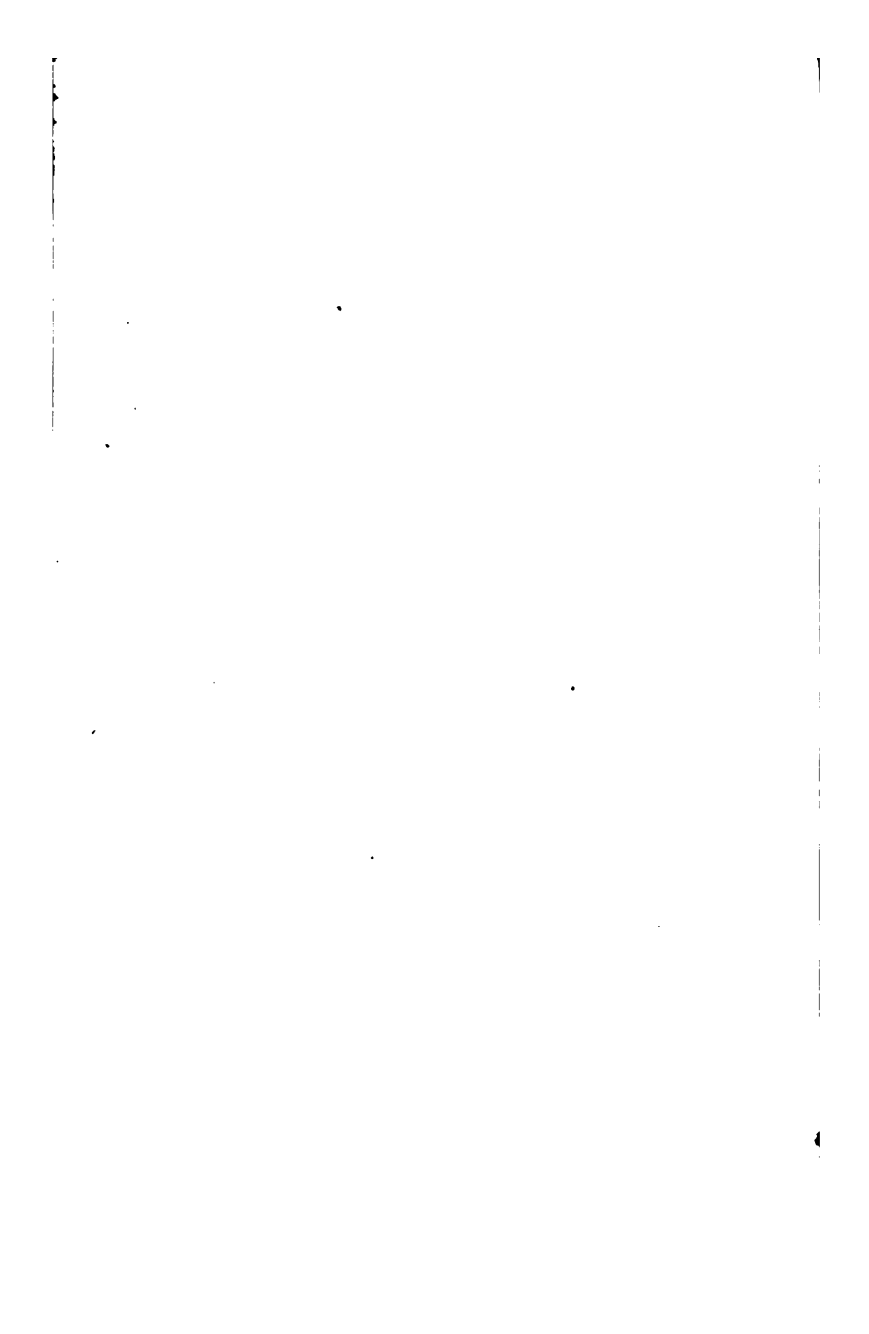
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THE following treatise on Elocution and Oratory has been prepared with strict regard to practical utility, by a favourite tragedienne belonging to the English stage—MISS EDITH HERAUD. By attention to its rules the learner may rapidly acquire the art of reading aloud, with due emphasis, and of expressing himself in a set speech, or a recitation, with propriety. Though chiefly designed for social purposes, it will also be found a safe guide for those who wish to establish a well-founded professional reputation, either as readers, speakers, or actors. A companion volume, containing choice passages for reading and recitation, is being prepared.



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ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.

PART THE FIRST.

PRELIMINARY REMARKS ON THE LEADING PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

MANY elocutionary works are extant which profess to expound a general and unerring system of elocution. In several instances, the leading principles are enunciated with much clearness; and, undoubtedly, considerable aid is afforded in the art of speaking; yet, as a rule, such works have a tendency to be too theoretic. As such, they are, of course, inadequate to the end they propose.

The great object of such compilations is to supersede, in a certain measure, the necessity of oral instruction; and it accordingly becomes obligatory on the part of the compiler to demonstrate the leading elementary principles with as much conciseness and as little ambiguity as possible. He should also avoid (except in cases where they are positively essential) the use of mere technical terms and phrases, that only serve to confuse and mystify the uninitiated in their meaning.

In the following brief treatise on the Elocutionary Art in all its branches, we shall endeavour to express our ideas and propositions in simple and intelligible language, that the reader may be enabled *at once* to proceed to practise and to carry out for himself the rules which we shall submit for his guidance.

In the first place, it is necessary that the pupil should be fully impressed with the difficulties by which he is surrounded, since any tendency to underrate such difficulties

will act as a most effectual check to his progress in the art, and lead to the unfruitful expenditure of much valuable time and labour. We must, therefore, solicit his earnest, undivided attention to the following instructions:—

Firstly, then, the grand, primary principle of good and effective reading, is thoroughly to understand, and enter into, the meaning and conception of the author. Before starting, however, we must draw a distinction between the words *meaning* and *conception*. The first simply alludes to the individual sense which is attached to each particular sentence, considered separately and distinctly from its fellows; by the second, we wish to be understood the *ideal* originally generated in the author's mind, out of which the composition has grown—the spirit, in fact, by which the whole is pervaded, impregnating equally the last sentence as the first; and which, consequently, must *never* be lost sight of by the reader, however lengthy may be the work he is engaged in delivering.

A correct emphasis, then, depends upon a full appreciation of the meaning, or of the several relations which the words bear to each other in the construction of sentences; an effective general delivery, on the other hand, rests entirely upon the speaker entering fully, heart and soul, into the grand ideal, intention, spirit, or conception of the author. These two requisites are indispensable; without which, as an efficient basis upon which to build up all minor parts of the structure, no one can hope to succeed in becoming a competent orator. By what means, then, are they, in the first instance, attainable by the learner?

This question, we are free to confess, has puzzled all elocutionists. To it they give one simple, uniform answer. As in the science of singing, the pupil is presumed to be endowed with the organs of sound and sense, i.e. a voice and an ear, and if he be minus of either of these, the master cannot be supposed to intrench upon the province of our great mother, and to supply that which Nature herself has, doubtless, providentially denied; so, in the art of speaking, the scholar must be also presumed to have received, from the same source, an adequate share of *aptitude* and *intelligence*.

To attempt to organise a system professing to instruct the reader *how* to understand the meaning of the author, would be an obvious absurdity; since, supposing the pupil to be

endowed with very slender mental capacities, it would necessitate his proceeding forthwith to some competent person to undertake the office of interpreter for every new work he opened; and even then the contingency might arise, that he, the aspirant, after undergoing all the labour and expense, would ultimately prove as incapable of comprehending the interpretation thus vouchsafed him, as he was of mastering the original matter. This, of course, would be an extreme case; and we merely adduce it to demonstrate clearly to the learner how much depends upon the exercise of his own *active intelligence*, without which, the most earnest endeavours of the teacher will ultimately be found to have been in vain.

Parents and guardians, and all those to whom the education of youth is especially intrusted, should be careful to direct and exercise this intelligence from the earliest stages of infancy. As soon as the child has got over the difficulties of the alphabet, and some of the shorter words of one syllable, he should be directed to spell out connected, but short sentences, constructed so as to be easily apprehensible, and then required to give to the teacher a satisfactory explanation as to their meaning. As all lessons drawn up to meet the growing requirements of children have a progressive tendency, it stands to reason that under this system the pupil must gradually improve, as well in the ease and correctness with which he will be enabled to define the sense of the author, as in the increasing grace and facility of his enunciation and general delivery; he will thus be prevented from getting into that offensive and injurious habit of *parroting*, the evil effects of which are never in after life to be totally eradicated.

The pupil should be taught early a correct pronunciation, since any tendency to err in this direction is sufficient to mar an otherwise faultless and irreproachable elocution; he should also be taught to read easily and gracefully, carefully avoiding all inclination to *whine*—which, of all faults, at the same time that it is the most prevailing, is also the most intolerable—and to allow the inflections of his voice to fall naturally, and in their proper places, as would be the case if he were *speaking* instead of reading.

The unmistakable proof of good reading, indeed, is the being able to convey to the audience an impression that you are not delivering to them the thoughts of others, but giving

expression to your own sentiments severally, as they arise and germinate in your own mind. Now, it is a well-known and indisputable fact, that all persons, even the most ignorant, in moments of vehement excitement, while surrendering themselves to the dominion of passion, invariably lay the emphasis upon the right words. The reason of this is, that they thoroughly *feel* and *understand* the substance of the matter to which they are thus giving utterance; and until the reader in the same manner *feels*—that is, enters into the spirit of, and rightly comprehends—what he is reciting, he will fail both in attributing a correct emphasis, and in rendering the meaning of the author intelligible to his audience.

It is a general rule, that the voice should be allowed to fall towards the conclusion of sentences; but this rule is sometimes reversed if the sentence be interrogatory, when it is necessary that the end should be characterised by a corresponding rise in the voice. Take, as an example, Stephano's angry questioning of Trinculo, "Didst thou not say he *lied*?" The last word being, in this instance, the emphatical one, it is necessary that it should be pronounced in a higher tone than any of the preceding ones; but in the following query, "Is it so *brave* a *lass*?" the emphatical word being undoubtedly *brave*, the stress will be laid thereon, and the latter part of the sentence will naturally decline into a lower key. Thus, in all interrogative passages, the emphasis must be regulated according to the sense, and be laid upon that word which signifies the point about which the interrogation is made. Example:

"Can you tell me what is the matter with that man?"

If the party seeking information simply wishes to ascertain the *capability* of the person inquired of to answer the proposed question, he will put the emphasis on *can*. If he wishes to distinguish *one* from some *other* person, of whom he has previously inquired, and from whom he has received no satisfactory answer, he will put the emphasis upon *you*. If he refers to the *kind* of disease, madness, eccentricity, excitement, as the case may be, under which the man in question is apparently labouring, he will lay the emphasis upon *what*. If he wishes to know what is the matter with that particular man, as distinguished from several *other* men by whom he is surrounded, he will lay the emphasis upon *at*; and if, lastly, the word *man* is intended as a term of reproach, as implying a style of behaviour directly opposed

to what is generally considered essential to the bearing of a gentleman, or if it is merely used to denote the *sex* of the individual thus commented on, he will necessarily put the emphasis upon the word *man*.

EXAMPLES OF EMPHASIS.

OLIVIA. I have *sent after* him. He *says he'll come* :
How shall I *feast* him? *what bestow* on him?
For youth is *bought* more oft, than *begged or borrowed*.
I *speak too loud*.—

Where is *Malvolio*?—he is *sad and civil*,
And *suits well* for a servant with my *fortunes* ;—
Where is *Malvolio*?

MARIA. He's *coming*, madam ;
But in *strange manner*. He is *sure possessed*.

OLIVIA. Why, *what's the matter*? does he *rave*?

MARIA. No, madam,
He does *nothing but smile*; your ladyship
Were *best* have *guard* about you, *if he come* ;
For sure the man is *tainted* in his wits. TWELFTH NIGHT.

AUMERLE. Where is the *duke*, my *father*, with his *power* ?
KING RICHARD. No matter *where*; of *comfort* no man *speak* :
Let's talk of *graves*, and *worms*, and *epitaphs* :
Make *dust* our *paper*, and with *rainy eyes*
Write *sorrow* on the *bosom* of the *earth*.
Let's choose *executors*, and talk of *wills* :
And yet not so—for *what* can we *bequeath*,
Save our *deposed bodies* to the *ground*?
Our *lands*, and *lives*, and *all* are *Bolingbroke's*,
And *nothing* can we call our *own*, but *death* ;
And that *small model* of the *barren earth*,
Which serves as *paste* and *cover* to our *bones*.
For *heaven's sake* let us *sit* upon the *ground*,
And tell *sad stories* of the *death of kings* :—
How *some* have been *deposed*, some *slain* in *war*,
Some *haunted* by the *ghosts* they have *deposed* ;
Some *poisoned* by their *wives*, some *sleeping killed* ;
All *murdered* :—For *within* the *hollow crown*,
That *rounds* the *mortal temples* of a *king*,
Keeps *death* his *court* : and *there* the *antick sits*,
Scoffing his *state*, and *grinning* at his *pomp* ;
Allowing him a *breath*, a *little scene*,
To *monarchize*, be *feared*, and *kill* with *looks* ;
Infusing him with *self* and *vain conceit*,—
As if this *flesh*, which *walls* about our *life*,
Were *brass impregnable* ; and, *humoured thus*,
Comes at the *last*, and with a *little pin*
Bores through his *castle wall*, and, *farewell king*!

*Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends:—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king?*

RICHARD THE SECOND.

WOLSEY. *Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in,
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then,
The image of his Maker hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King,
And,—Pry thee, lead me in:
There, take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.*

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

HELENA. *How happy some, o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he doth know,
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste;*

And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
 So the boy Love is perjured everywhere:
 For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
 He hailed down oaths, that he was only mine;
 And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
 So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
 I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
 Then to the wood he will, to-morrow night,
 Pursue her; and for this intelligence
 If I have thanks, it is a dear expense:
 But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
 To have his sight thither and back again.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

The pupil should be early taught the meaning of the terms *accent* and *emphasis*, as also be made acquainted with the distinction existing between them, since they are apt to be confounded. The former signifies the stress which is laid upon particular syllables in all compound words, and which may be easily and correctly acquired by the learner with the simple aid of a dictionary. *Emphasis* refers to words, and is more difficult of attainment, being the peculiar force with which we pronounce one or more words in a sentence, as dictated entirely by the general sense of the passage. Accent may be divided into two sections, the *major* and the *minor*, the *primary* and the *secondary*. For instance, though words of only two or three syllables have seldom more than one accented particle, yet, in the longer and more complicated words, it is often necessary to make use of a *double* accent, the more important syllable being accented in the *major*, the lesser in the *minor* key. As we said before, it is only necessary for the pupil to refer to the dictionary in order to acquire a certain and correct accentuation. The above division may be equally applied to *emphasis* as to accent; though, in the former instance, the degree of force to be laid upon the chief emphatic words, must be entirely regulated by the reader's interpretation of the passage.

We have before stated that all persons, even the most illiterate, when giving utterance to their own feelings, sentiments, and emotions, are sure to lay their emphasis upon the right words. For example, if a working man were to reply to some one who had put to him a question—"No, it is *beer*, not *water*, that I want," he would naturally pronounce

the words *beer* and *water* more emphatically than any other parts of the sentence, because it would be his object to draw the attention of his companion to those *particular* points, as representing the two ideas which, at the time, were uppermost in his mind. Had he simply said, "It is beer I want," he would still have laid a stress upon the word *beer*, because he would have wished to prevent all possibility of mistake, and to impress upon the person whom he was addressing, that it was *beer* in preference to any *other* liquor that he wanted. If he should say, however, "Is the beer bad?" he would naturally emphasize the word *bad*, because it would be his object to obtain satisfactory information upon that important particular. Again, should he say, "Is it the beer that is bad?" the force should fall upon the word *beer*, because, having previously ascertained that several liquors had been brought in, some of which were bad, he would wish to know before drinking the *beer* whether it was fit for consumption. Or if we turn the phrase in this manner, "Is it my beer that is bad?" *my* would be the emphatical word, because he would wish to learn whether the beer presented to *him* were really that which was bad or not.

We could adduce a thousand instances in which the simplest proposition could be made to suggest a variety of meanings according to the position of the emphasis. One, however, will be sufficient for our present purpose. "Will you go with me to church this morning?" In this sentence, if we lay the emphasis on *you*, it implies that some one else has been previously invited to go to church, but has declined; if on *me*, the assumption is that the speaker is offering his own escort in opposition to some other candidate for the same service; if on *church*, we naturally suppose that there is a doubt existing in the mind of the person speaking, whether the party spoken to will prefer to go to church or elsewhere; if on *this morning*, we conclude that the questioner would rather go to church in the *morning* than attend either of the divine services later in the day.

The above examples will serve to show how necessary a correct emphasis is to elucidate the meaning of a passage, and how much the use of a right emphasis depends upon the aptitude and intelligence of the reader.

To show how the meaning may be perverted by the use of a false emphasis, we will quote an anecdote contained in Sheridan's "Art of Speaking:"

"A clergyman's curate, having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's saying to the disciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "Oh, *fools*, and *slow of heart* [that is, *backward*] to believe all that the prophets have written of me!" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe*; as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault, when he read it next, he placed the emphasis upon *all*; as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*; as if the *prophets* had been persons in *no respect* worthy of belief.

EXAMPLES OF FALSE EMPHASIS.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy. HAMLET.

Here we have an evident perversion of the sense of the author; making it appear as though Hamlet alluded to some particular kind of philosophy known only to Horatio, and not to philosophy in general, as understood by the majority of men.

Married with my uncle, my father's brother;
But no more like *my* father, than I to Hercules. HAMLET.

The mistake here is obvious. Hamlet does not intend to intimate that his father's brother could not be like his father, simply because he was *his*, Hamlet's father; but merely wishes to draw attention to the *non-resemblance* between the individuals mentioned—at the same time making use of a comparison by way of illustration. It should therefore be—

No more *like* my father than I to Hercules.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men;
Put out the light, and then put out the light. OTHELLO.

This would be nonsense. What could Othello mean by saying,

Put out the light, and then put out the light,

as if he were going to put out the same light twice over? He wishes to draw a distinction between the artificial light, which can be re-kindled, and the light of life, which can never be re-kindled. He therefore says—

Put out the *light*, and then put out *the* light.

Articles, Conjunctions, Prepositions, and Auxiliary verbs, being the minor parts of a sentence, should be delivered with less force than we give to the more important words—namely, *Nouns, Adjectives, Verbs, and Adverbs*. *Pronouns* also, as a general rule, may be classified among the minor parts, except when they are placed in evident opposition to each other. As for instance:—

“When Mary comes home, will you be kind enough to give her this thimble? though, perhaps, I ought to give it to *you*, and not to *her*.”

“Very likely, that may be *your* opinion, but it is not *mine*; neither do I think it will be *hers* in the end.”

In fact, all *antithetical words*, or words placed in contrast to each other, be they ever such unimportant parts of speech, should be pronounced emphatically. Example:—

“I thought you were *for*, not *against* him. I told you to fetch me *the* box, not *a* box. Be kind enough to place the box *under* the chair, not *on* it.”

Some elocutionists have subdivided *Antithetic Emphasis* into Single Emphasis, applied to sentences in which there is but one pair of words contrasted to each other; as, for instance, “Prosperity *gains* friends; adversity *loses* them:” Double Emphasis, in which there are two pairs of words placed in opposition, as, “*Man* is liable to *error*; *angels* alone are *perfect*!” and Treble Emphasis, in which we find *three* pairs of words arranged in antithetical order. For instance:—

“A *friend* comes *openly* that he may *serve* you; an *enemy* creeps *unobserved* that he may *crush* you.”

EXAMPLES.

SINGLE EMPHASIS.

Whom the Lord *loveth*, he *correcteth*.

Be *just* before you are *generous*.

I looked for a *friend*, and have found an *enemy*.

Do not merely *preach* forbearance—*practise* it.

DOUBLE EMPHASIS.

By *pride* cometh *contention*; but with the *well-advised* is *wisdom*.

That man is *small* in *body*, but *great* in *soul*.

The *simple* inherit *folly*; but the *prudent* are crowned with *knowledge*.

The *poor* useth *entreaties*; but the *rich* answereth *roughly*.

In my *prosperity* she *flattered* me; in my *adversity* she *reviled* me.

TREBLE EMPHASIS.

A *wise* son maketh a *glad* father ; but a *foolish* son is the *heaviness* of his mother.

The *fool* thinketh himself a *wise* man ; but the *wise* man knoweth himself to be a *fool*.

The *integrity* of the *upright* shall *guide* them ; but the *perverseness* of *transgressors* shall *destroy* them.

The advocates of this system also advance certain rules and regulations intended to direct the pupil in the right pronunciation of the emphatic words belonging to each of the above subdivisions. This arrangement is, however, unnecessary ; since, if the reader keep his mind fixed upon the *meaning* of the passages he is reciting, he will find no difficulty in rendering the emphasis correctly ; but if, on the contrary, he does not *thoroughly understand* the gist of the discourse, any such rules and regulations will, for all practical purposes, be inapplicable and ineffectual.

As we said before, all words placed in an *antithetical* order must be rendered *emphatic*. This rule is exceedingly simple, and presents no difficulty whatever in its application ; there are sentences, however, in which only *one* of the contrasted terms is expressed, the other being merely understood ; such cases naturally present a little ambiguity, and require some penetration on the part of the reader in order to discover the antithetical import of the passages thus constructed, without a knowledge of which he will not be able to give them the due degree of emphasis. The following examples will serve to prove the force of what we have stated :

"A *girl* might comprehend it." [Here the antithesis implied cannot be mistaken—something so easy and obvious, that even the slender capacity of a *girl*, much less the matured intellect of a *man*, might be able to apprehend it.]

"It is impossible that one man should be capable of doing *everything*." [Here the antithesis employed is, that though he may be capable of doing *one* thing, or even *many* things, yet it is utterly impossible that he should be capable of doing *all* things.]

"I would not have given it for *three* kingdoms" [Here the antithesis implied is, that not only would he have objected to give it for *one* kingdom, but even for *two*, or indeed for *three* kingdoms.]

An almost endless variety of rules has been handed down to us for the regulation of the inflections of the voice ; most

of these, however plausible they may appear when treated in a manner purely theoretical, prove, when required to test their utility by practical application, of little or no benefit to the learner.

All who have paid any attention whatever to the subject, must have observed that the voice in *speaking* either rises or falls, or else flows on in the same monotonous continuity of sound. The *Rising Inflection* is so called when the voice rises, or ascends upwards; the *Falling Inflection*, when it falls, or inclines downwards; but when the voice continues on the same note, without any perceptible variation or change, it is said to be a monotone. There is, besides these, a *Circumflex Inflection*, where the same syllable is characterised by a combination of the rising and falling inflection, and which is again subdivided into the *Rising* and *Falling Circumflex*, according as it commences with either the rising or falling inflection.

The following are the marks by which the different inflections are distinguished:—The acute accent is placed over the rising inflection, thus (´); the grave accent over the falling inflection, thus (`); the rising circumflex is usually denoted thus (˘); and the falling circumflex, thus (˙). The monotone is simply denoted by a straight line placed under one or more words, thus (—).

We shall not go specifically into the rules for inflecting sentences, knowing them to be of little practical availability; a few of the general heads, however, may not be unproductive of good to the reader. The rising inflexion should be used in all cases where a sentence is brought to an abrupt or premature conclusion. Example:

Bassanio. Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gobbo. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy'—.

Launcelot. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would as my father shall specify'—.

Gobbo. He hath a great infection, sir'— &c.

It is also well to make use of the rising inflection at commas (though this rule is by no means infallible), because the same indicates a suspension of the sense, to be resumed and completed in the concluding parts of the sentence. Example: "Stolen waters are sweet', and bread eaten in secret is pleasant."

The falling inflection should be used at all full stops,

because these being placed at the termination of sentences, the sense is supposed to be complete and independent. We subjoin a few examples :

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !` HAMLET.

Yea, say you so ?

There shall not, at your father's house, these seven years,
Be born another such.` WINTER'S TALE.

Daughter of Toscar ! why that tear ? He is not fallen yet.
Many were the deaths of his arm before my hero fell.` OSSIAN.

QUEEN. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.`
SHAKESPEARE.

Forsake the foolish and live ; and go in the way of understanding.
PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

GUILDENSTERN. Good, my lord ! vouchsafe me a word with you.`

HAMLET. Sir, a whole history.` SHAKESPEARE.

My griefs not only pain me
As a lingering disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage ;
Nor less than wounds immedicable,
Rankle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification.`
Thoughts, my tormentors, arm'd with deadly stings,
Mangle my apprehensive, tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb
Or med'cinal liquor can assuage,
Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.`
Sleep hath forsook, and given me o'er
To death's benumbing opium as my only cure :
Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
And sense of heaven's desertion.` MILTON.

Emphatic repetitions of words are generally accompanied by the falling inflection. For instance, if we saluted a person with the following query, " Shall you go to Edinburgh ? " we should naturally use the rising inflection at the word *Edinburgh* ; but should the person spoken to not reply to our question, we should, in our repetition of the sentence, pronounce the word *Edinburgh* more emphatically than before, and make use of the falling inflection. An exception to the rule stated a paragraph back, that all

sentences should end with the falling inflection, must be made in favour of negative passages, which generally require to be terminated with the rising inflection. Example: "Say what you like, that man is no fool'."

Sometimes, however, when a negative sentence is put in a decidedly positive form, it requires the falling inflection. Example: "Thou shalt not steal'." "Thou shalt do no murder'." "Thou shalt not commit adultery'."

Interrogative sentences, as we have stated some pages back, generally require the rising inflection, though this rule should be regulated in its application by the judgment and intelligence of the speaker. Examples:—

WOLSEY. Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROMWELL. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOLSEY. What! amazed

At my misfortunes?' can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline?' Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?'
NEW TESTAMENT.

LADY. How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS. Imports their loss, beside the present need?'

LADY. No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS. Were they of manly bloom, or youthful prime?'

LADY. As smooth as Hebe's their unrazor'd lips. MILTON.

We have previously familiarised our readers with the meaning of the term *Circumflex Inflection*, where the voice is supposed to rise and fall, ascend and descend, on one and the same syllable. After giving a couple of examples, intended to illustrate the difference existing between the rising and falling circumflex, we shall not amplify further on this head.

Rising Circumflex.—"You have beguiled me with a counterfeit resembling majesty, which, being touched and tried, proves valueless. You are forswörn, forswörn!"

Falling Circumflex.—"Give me the daggers; the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil!"

Of the *Series* and its different varieties, we shall also give a very general account; to particularise upon this head, would only cause the waste of much valuable space, since

all *practical* elocutionists have found the rules which are supposed to govern this branch of the art of speaking, of very little real utility.

The word *Series* signifies a number of single words—nouns, adjectives, &c.—or number of sentences, following each other in regular succession.

A *Simple Series* is so called, when it consists of merely single words, thus: “*Wisdom and experience belong to age.*”

A *Compound Series* is so called, when it consists of two or more words, or members of sentences, thus: “*The light of heaven, the beauties of Nature, belong alike to rich and poor.*”

A *Commencing Series* is so called, when the series is placed at the beginning of a sentence, and not at the conclusion, thus: “*Virtue, industry, and perseverance will one day meet their reward.*”

A *Concluding Series* is so called, when the series is placed at the conclusion of a sentence, thus: “*Intemperance is the father of misery, indigence, and crime.*”

The following are some of the rules usually laid down for the *inflection of the series*:—

When a *Commencing Series* consists of two members, the falling inflection should be used for the first, and the rising inflection for the second. Example: “*Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart.*”

When a *Commencing Series* consists of three or more members, the falling inflection should be used for each member, except the last, when the rising inflection is required. Example: “*The heaven for height, the earth for depth, and the heart of kings is unsearchable.*”

In the *Concluding Series*, however, the order of inflection is reversed; the first member having the rising, and the latter the falling inflection; the same to be regulated, as in the commencing series, according to the number of members. Examples:—

SIMPLE SERIES.

Virtue, justice, and moderation are necessary to make good statesmen.

Faith, hope, and charity are cardinal virtues.

Anger, pride, and intemperance are destructive of social happiness.

Mind, soul, and intelligence are divine attributes of man.

Goodness, truth, and sincerity are delightful to contemplate.

Trees, plants, herbs, shells, stones, pebbles, are all manifestations of the Creator.

COMPOUND SERIES.

The freshness of spring, the maturity of summer, the decay of autumn, and the frost of winter, are alike beautiful in season.

Of good figure, lofty bearing, and irreproachable conduct, he was the cynosure of all eyes.

Hated by his enemies, despised by his friends, and reviled of all men, his lot in life is pitiable.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause?

COMMENCING SERIES.

Occupation and exercise are good for the young.

Distinctness, grace, and facility are essential to good speaking. Diligence, industry, and perseverance overcome all obstacles.

A wary eye, a willing hand, and a true heart are invaluable qualities in a servant.

CONCLUDING SERIES.

Extravagance is the parent of want and penury.

How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge?

The fear of the Lord is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate.

But your heart is full of arrogancy, spleen, and pride.

A man that beareth false witness against his neighbour is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow.

The use of pauses or stops, in delivering a discourse, must, in a great measure, be left to the judgment of the reader. Punctuation, though affording us valuable assistance, is by no means regulated to meet all the requirements of the case. In fact, there are instances where the printer's marks are rather found to act as a misleader than otherwise; a comma being often observable where the sense of the passage requires that no suspension of the voice should be used, and the opposite being the case where a full comprehension of the meaning is only to be conveyed to the hearers by a slight but significant pause. Now we may lay it down as a general rule that the use of punctuation is much more valuable in assisting the *silent* reader to decipher the meaning of the different passages, than in regulating the pauses in reading aloud. Some masters of elocution have adopted a very false system of teaching, which is productive of much ultimate mischief to the pupil, namely, affixing certain artificial tones to each of the individual stops—an absurdity so obvious as to require little or no comment. Of these tones,

two only are generally in practice; the first, which consist in a monotonous elevation of the voice, supposed to indicate that the sense is merely suspended, not completed, and the second, which is assumed by a corresponding depression of the voice, intended to intimate that the sentence is then concluded. Public speakers, educated upon this system, necessarily fall into a monotonous style of delivery, which, at the same time that it seriously impairs the beauty of their discourse, naturally creates a disagreeable sensation among the assembled auditors. We do not attempt to deny that there are certain tones of the voice by which the pauses in recitation are indicated; but these tones have nothing whatever to do with the stops which mark the pauses in the *printed* discourse, being submissible to no rules, or order of rules, but are entirely subservient to the speaker's appreciation and interpretation of the author from whom he is reciting, and the emotions by which he is at the time actuated. The great advantage of these spontaneous tones or rests is, that by them the reader may always regulate the duration of his pauses according to the importance of the matter, without reference to any mere grammatical structure of words and sentences, where the pauses admit of no variation in passages similarly constructed, however widely they may differ in the weight to be attached to their respective meanings. For instance, if there be any expression, sentiment, or feeling, which you wish to impress particularly upon your audience, you may easily attract attention by preceding it by a longer pause than you have given to other parts of the same sentence; or you may prefer to make a pause after it is delivered, thus giving time for the mind to reflect upon its more especial import; or sometimes, when the point in question is required to be very emphatic, you may, without prejudice, make use of the pause in both places.

Thus the numerous regulations which different elocutionists have laid down for the proper observance of the pauses in speaking, may all be resolved into the following simple method. First find out which words the sense requires to be emphatic; then discover what number of comparatively unimportant words belong to each of the emphatic ones, and at the end of these place a comma, or such other stop as the general meaning of the passage may require. Having done this, be guided entirely by your own feeling and judgment as to the tones appertaining to, and the duration or time

taken up in the rendering of the pauses thus introduced, without any regard to the punctuation figuring immediately before your eyes on the printed pages.

By means of these tones which mark the pauses, readers may at any time, when they find it necessary, take breath even at the smallest pause, without prejudice to the sense; as the tone sufficiently marks the pause, without reference to time; but in this care is to be taken by the speaker that the true tone be given to the pause at the time it is made, for thus the hearer will have notice that the sentence is not closed, and his attention is only suspended without perplexing his understanding. And he may have a sure rule for using the true tone, by giving exactly the same one that he would were he to proceed more quickly to the next member of the sentence, and were not to make a longer stop than necessary.

The want of knowing this circumstance, or rather the false rule by which people are instructed, that the breath is never to be drawn, but when there is a full stop or close of the sense, has made it exceedingly difficult for many to utter long sentences, and impossible to those who are short-winded. They are therefore either apt to run themselves entirely out of breath, and not to stop till necessity obliges them to it from failure of breath—which is therefore likely to happen in improper places—or else they subdivide the long sentence into as many distinct sentences as they make times of breathing, to the utter confusion of the sense. For as they have been taught not to take breath but when they make a full stop, they habitually use the time of a full stop whenever they take breath. Under this head is usually given the following speech from the tragedy of "Douglas," as involving a speaker of short breath in considerable difficulty. Such speeches are eminently undramatic.

My name is Norval ; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks : a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I longed
To follow to the field some warlike lord :
And heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,

Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took : then hastened to my friends,
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
 We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdained
 The shepherd's slothful life ; and, having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps ;
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

We shall conclude this preliminary notice with a few remarks upon the management and modulation of the voice, without a knowledge of which branch of his art, no one can hope to become an effective or even an intelligible speaker.

The human voice has been long since discovered to contain three distinct tones, or pitches—namely, the high tone, the low tone, and the middle tone.

The high tone is that which we generally use when speaking to a person at a distance.

The low tone is that which we assume when speaking to a person close to us, and when we do not wish the matter of our discourse to be overheard by any third person.

The middle pitch is that which is made use of in ordinary discourse, and which is capable of variation—that is, either expands or diminishes—according as the matter we are discoursing, or the feelings by which we are impelled, may require.

RULE I.—The middle tone is that in which the larger and more general part of our discourse should be uttered.

The reason for this rule is obvious. From being constantly used, the organs of the voice are much stronger and healthier in this pitch than in any other ; and it is at the same time much less difficult to observe regular proportion in the r

or fall of the voice from this pitch, than from either of the preceding ones.

RULE II.—Always proportion the force or loudness of your voice according to the size of the building in which you are articulating, and the number of your auditory.

It is customary with inexperienced orators to commence their discourse in the very highest key of which their voice is capable, under the mistaken notion that their natural tone is not possessed of sufficient force to fill the arena in which they are exhibiting. Nothing can be more wearying to the audience than this false, artificial style of delivery, producing, as it does, somewhat the same effect upon the hearers as would be created by the continual repetition of the same note upon a musical instrument. Now it is altogether a mistake for any to imagine that by raising their voice to a high pitch they can render themselves heard by a large assembly; in fact, the very opposite has been invariably found to be the result in all cases where it has been duly tried. By this mode of proceeding, articulation is at once and inevitably destroyed. The unnatural strain thus put upon the voice, deprives the organs which perform this delicate office of all their natural power and pliability, so that they are unable to shape the words with any degree of propriety, and the same are consequently borne away and dispersed in a mass or cluster of extraneous and unconnected syllables.

It is therefore necessary, in laying down the above rule, to *proportion the force or loudness of the voice to the size of the building, &c.*, to make a distinction between the meaning of the terms, high and low, and loud and soft. Loud and soft in speaking may be considered identical with the *fortè* and *piano* in music, and merely signify the different degrees of force with which we vary the same key; high and low, on the contrary, are intended to intimate an entire *change* of key from that in which we have hitherto been discoursing. Therefore, in laying down the law contained in our Rule II., we wish it to be clearly understood that we refer to the greater or lesser degree of volume with which the speaker is to vary his middle tone, according to the space he is called upon to fill, and not to his assumption of another and more elevated key.

The folly of commencing an oration at the top of the voice, is easily demonstrable from the fact that, when the increasing force and vehemence of the language requires a cor-

responding degree of elevation in the voice of the speaker, he finds that he has attained the climax of his powers, and is consequently incapable of giving fitting expression to the gradually developing emotions depicted in the matter of his discourse. The high tones, then, should never be used except in passages requiring extraordinary passion and energy, and even then they should not be suddenly pitched upon, but gradually worked up to, in a manner somewhat similar to an ascending scale in singing, so that the audience may not be taken suddenly or unprepared, but led, as it were, unconsciously into the spirit of the theme, and thereby enabled the easier to apprehend the purpose of the passages thus emphatically enunciated. There are cases, however, where it is well to vary your style by delivering certain passionate portions, or parts intended to delineate strong, conflicting emotions, in a *concentrated half* monotone; that is, carefully balancing the voice between the lower and middle pitch, and only demonstrating the tempest supposed to be internally raging by the significance of your gestures and the rapidity of your utterance.

Since the harmony of elocution depends so much upon the skilful management of the middle tone, it is evident that means should be early taken for the gradual developing and strengthening of the same.

EXERCISE ON THE MIDDLE TONE.

Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.

Rasselas was the fourth son of the mighty emperor, in whose dominions the Father of Waters begins his course; whose bounty pours down the streams of plenty, and scatters over half the world the harvests of Egypt.

According to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined to a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern, which passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was

concealed by a thick wood; and the mouth, which opened into a thick valley, was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days—so massy, that no man, without the help of engines, could open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side rivulets descended, that filled the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequently by every fowl whom nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharges its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees; the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks; and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the emperor paid his children, when the iron gates were opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted; all the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity—to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood upon an eminence raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares and courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned with arches of massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time; and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

The house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officer, who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and secret passage; every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories, by private galleries, or by subterranean passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had deposited their treasures; they then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom, and recorded their accumulations in a book, which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

RASSELAS.

Any one, who through habit has fallen into a weak utterance, cannot hope suddenly to change it; he must do it by degrees and constant practice. He should, therefore, daily exercise himself in reading, or in repeating in the hearing of a friend, and that, too, in a large room. At first his friend should stand at such a distance only as the speaker can easily reach in his usual manner of delivering himself. Afterwards let him gradually increase his distance, and the speaker will, in the same gradual proportion, increase the force of the voice. When he shall have thus got to that distance beyond which the speaker cannot be heard without straining and forcing his voice, there let him stop, and let that be the usual place of his standing to hear the most part of what is declaimed; because when the speaker is able by practice to manage his voice in that extent, he will certainly be able to command it in all the higher degrees; though for the more gradual unfolding of the organs, and regular increase of the quantity of the voice, it will be always right for the hearer to commence each day's exercise with the shortest distance, and increase it by degrees till he arrive at the utmost; in which situation, for the reason before assigned, the chief part of the exercise ought to be performed.

Hoping that our readers may derive some benefit from the suggestions above offered, we shall now proceed to treat of the different styles of delivery suited to the various kinds of oratory required by the various vocations of our public speakers; first presenting the following poem for the reader's exercise, as making large demands on a variety of powers, and allowing wide scope for elocutionary skill.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

"How does the water
Come down at Lodore?"
My little boy asked me
Thus, once on a time:
And moreover he tasked me
To tell him in rhyme;
Anon at the word,
There first came one daughter,
And then came another,
To second and third
The request of their brother,
And to hear how the water
Comes down at Lodore,
With its rush and its roar,
As many a time
They had seen it before.
So I told them in rhyme,
For of rhymes I had store;
And 'twas in my vocation
For their recreation
That so I should sing;
Because I was laureate
To them and the king.

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell:
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;
Through moss and through brake,
It runs and it creeps
For awhile, till it sleeps
In its own little lake,
And thence at departing,
Awakening and starting,
It runs through the reeds,
And away it proceeds,
Through meadow and glade,
In sun and in shade,
And through the wood-shelter,
Among crags in its flurry,
Helter-skelter,
Hurry-skurry,
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Now smoking and frothing
Its tumult and wrath in,

Till in its rapid race,
On which it is bent,
It reaches the place
Of its deep descent.

On cataract strong
Then plunges along,
Striking and raging,
As if a war waging
Its caverns and rocks among ;
Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and sweeping,
Showering and springing,
Flying and flinging,
Writhing and wringing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around
With endless rebound ;
Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in ;
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Collecting, projecting,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and going,
And running and stunning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dinning and spinning,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And moaning and groaning.

And glittering and frittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And thundering and floundering.

Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering ;—
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing ;
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

PART THE SECOND.

READING.

To be able to read fluently and naturally is expedient for all classes of society, whether their vocations require from individuals the public exhibition of this accomplishment, or whether they are merely called upon to exercise it in a purely private capacity. How often, when visiting at a friend's or neighbour's house, are we unexpectedly requested by some member of the family to read aloud a chapter from the Bible, a leading article in a newspaper, or an episode from the last new novel; and nothing can be more derogatory or wounding to the feelings, than to find one's self suddenly the object of suppressed laughter and ridicule, in consequence of the awkward, stammering, blundering manner in which we set about and execute our task. At such times how deep is our regret that we had not cultivated the powers so liberally bestowed upon us by nature, or at least mastered that *mechanical* part of the Art of Speaking, by which we are enabled to deliver ourselves decently, without eliciting any special remark whether of praise or censure; which degree of attainment, however much it may be despised by some of our first-class actors and orators, is in reality a great thing, and as much as the large majority of people, existing in a purely domesticated sphere of life, require. Or we can take another view of the case, and one in which the advantages of pursuing the study of elocution will be equally obvious. Suppose a lady or gentleman be gifted with a fine poetical appreciation, and a keen perception of the beauties of composition, whether written in prose or verse, and is consequently desirous of entertaining himself or herself, and sometimes others (as an innocent and intellectual mode of passing away their leisure hours) by reciting aloud some passages from their favourite authors; how much more effective will be the original language, and how much

more vividly will the different scenes conjured up by the magical pen of the author, be impressed upon their own minds and that of their hearers, if they are only properly and artistically delivered, according to the rules of emphasis, quantity, accentuation, and the generally-established laws and regulations which go to make up the science of reading! Few persons are aware of the immense superiority assumed by any individual member of society over his, in reality equal, but unfortunately less accomplished associates, if he have only acquired the art of expressing his own thoughts, or those of others, with distinctness, impressiveness, and intelligibility. This one single attainment places him far beyond the majority of his acquaintances, who, in proportion as his utterance is characterised by gracefulness and fulness, consider him endowed with an extra share of mental capacity.

In our preliminary remarks we have endeavoured to set forth some of the leading principles by which this grace and fluency of utterance is rendered attainable by all who are ambitious of excelling in the same. We now propose to treat of the different styles of reading, both public and private, as distinguished under their several headings. We shall begin with—

I.—FAMILY READING.

Always place your book, or whatever it may be out of which you are desirous of reading, in such a position that the light shall fall fully and uninterruptedly upon it, at the same time taking care that it be accompanied by no unnecessary glare, since if the latter be the case, far from affording any assistance, it will only serve to confuse the eye, and render both complicated and unintelligible the letters on the pages; which, to avoid the possibility of mistakes, and the consequent necessity of every now and then going back in the matter in order to retrieve some error of sight, should be easily definable. Having settled this preliminary, but very necessary part of the business, seat yourself easily and naturally in your chair, not inclining the head too far over the book, the same occasioning a slight stoop in the chest and shoulders, which naturally interferes with the full respiration of the lungs, and deprives the voice of half its power and compass; then, leaning your elbow lightly on the table as a kind of rest, fix your eyes intently on the pages,

and not allow your mind, from the commencement to the conclusion of your task, to wander for an instant from the subject which the volume or paper before you is intended to develop and explain. As the space required to be filled is comparatively small, family meetings and readings usually taking place in a parlour, drawing-room, or some other apartment of a gentleman's private residence, any attempt at loud speaking would not only be unnecessary, but an offence against decorum and the usages of society, and would besides, if successful, create such a volume of sound, as, not having sufficient room properly to disperse and die away in, would effectually drown the words of the speaker in its superfluous abundance. Thus, the greater part of the discourse would be lost upon the audience for whose edification and instruction you were putting your powers of articulation to such inconvenient and uncalled-for exertion. And here we must take occasion to impress more strongly upon the minds of our readers, the rule previously laid down in our prefatory remarks, namely, *to proportion the sound and quantity of your voice to the size of your arena, and the number of your audience.* The voice, then, for all readings which come under the notice of our present heading, should be carefully pitched in the *middle* key, and, with the exception of a little expansion here and there, according as the matter becomes particularly emphatic, continued in the same, *piano*, throughout. If it be a prose composition we are engaged in, and the subject, moreover, be of a somewhat common-place and matter-of-fact description, as for instance the description of a fire, a robbery, or a trial, the more *colloquially* and unartificially we deliver it the better; under this proviso, we should *read* it identically as we should *speak* it, supposing we ourselves were relating the facts commemorated in the printed document, after our own fashion, and according to our own conversational capacities. The chief rule to be observed, apart from those which we have before enumerated, and which, together with the present, are applicable to all styles of reading, is, to take care that our *articulation* is both distinct and natural. Let every syllable have its full weight in the sentence, and do not allow the words to run one into the other, in a kind of confused jumble, to the utter disregard of propriety and intelligibility; but be careful to balance each against the other, according to their relative importance in the passage, so that the listener may

experience no difficulty in distinguishing the different words, and particles of words, severally and individually, and in following easily, and as it were instinctively, in the full sweep and current of the narrative.

Especial care should be taken in all cases where the final letter of the preceding word is identical with the initial letter of that which follows; since, under this peculiar formation of words, one or other of the corresponding sounds is apt to be entirely lost in the hurry of delivery, unless the reader be more than usually attentive to the force and clearness of his articulation. For instance, in the following passage, "rocks, sands, and deserts," care should be taken that, through a heedless articulation, it is not rendered ridiculous by being spoken in this wise, "rocks, ands, and deserts," or, which would be a scarcely less fault, that the first *s* be not unwittingly dropped, and the sentence delivered in this manner, "rock, sands, and deserts." Extra attention should also be paid in instances (and they are very frequent) where a word ending with a consonant is immediately preceded by another commencing with a vowel; this is necessary in order to prevent the last letter of the former being inadvertently joined on to the first letter of the latter—an error which is often committed, to the entire confusion and distortion of the original diction. A ludicrous example of how the meaning of a passage may be perverted and caricatured by a blunder of this kind, came under our own observation, not many months back. A young, ambitious tyro in the art of speaking, being set by his tutor to deliver the well-known speech of Friar Lawrence, commencing with the words, "The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night," &c., acquitted himself with considerable ability till he came to the line, "Now ere the sun advance his burning eye," which, to the intense amusement of ourselves and others, he rendered after the following fashion, "Now ere the sun advance his burnin' geye" (guy). We have chosen this place in which to insert our remarks upon articulation, because whatever difficulties may be in the way of a distinct pronunciation when the subject is in verse, those difficulties will be increased should it chance to be in prose, the latter requiring to be tripped off more glibly on the tongue, and not allowing more than half the time of the former for the mouth to accommodate itself to the formation of the words required to be uttered in succession. Moreover, as prose compositions more usually form

the subjects of family reading, it became important that an element so necessary to their right delivery as articulation, should be more particularly introduced and descanted on here.

We have few other remarks to offer in this section, except that all action of the arms and body be studiously avoided, the same being not only out of keeping, but suggesting a desire for, and a love of, display, which, in proportion as it is offensive in public speakers and orators, must become positively intolerable when introduced into exhibitions of a strictly private nature.

PROSE AND VERSE EXTRACTS, MARKED WITH APPROPRIATE EMPHASIS.

FROM WORDSWORTH'S PRELUDE.

In one of those *excursions* (may they *ne'er*
Fade from remembrance!) through the *Northern tracks*
Of *Cambria*, ranging with a *youthful friend*,
I left *Bethgeleri's* huts at *couching-time*,
And *westward* took my way, to see the *SUN*
RISE, from the top of SNOWDON. To the door
Of a *rude cottage* at the *mountain's base*
We came, and *roused the shepherd* who attends
The *adventurous stranger's* steps, a *trusty guide*;
Then *cheered by short refreshment*, sallied forth.

It was a *close, warm, breezeless* summer night,
Wan, dull, and glaring, with a *dripping fog*,
Low-hung and thick, that *covered all the sky*;
But, *undiscouraged*, we began to *climb*
The *mountain side*. The *mist soon girt us round*,
And, after *ordinary traveller's talk*
With our *conductor*, *pensively* we sank
Each into *commerce* with his *private thoughts*:
Thus did we *breast the ascent*, and by myself
Was nothing either *seen or heard* that *checked*
Those *musings*, or *diverted*, save that once
The *shepherd's lurcher*, who, among the *craigs*,
Had to his *joy unearthed a hedgehog*, *teased*
His *coiled-up prey* with *barkings turbulent*.
This *small adventure*, for even *such it seemed*
In that *wild place* and at the *dead of night*,
Being *over and forgotten*, on we *wound*
In *silence as before*. With *forehead bent*
Earthward, as if in *opposition set*
Against the *enemy*, I *panted up*
With *eager pace*, and *no less eager thoughts*.
Thus might we *wear a midnight hour away*,
Ascending at loose distance each from each,

And I, as *chanced*, the *foremost* of the band,
 When at my feet the ground appeared to *brighten*,
 And with a *step* or two seemed *brighter still*;
 Nor was *time* given to ask or *learn* the cause,
 For *instantly* a *light* upon the turf
 Fell like a *flash*, and, lo! as I looked up,
 The *Moon* hung *naked* in a *firmament*
 Of *azure* without cloud, and at my feet
 Rested a *silent SEA* of *HOARY MIST*.
 A *hundred* hills their *dusky* backs *upheaved*
 All over this *still ocean*; and *beyond*,
 Far, FAR *beyond*! the *solid vapours* stretched,
 In *headlands*, *tongues*, and *promontory* shapes,
 Into the *MAIN ATLANTIC*, that appeared
 To *dwindle*, and give up his *majesty*,
 Usurped upon far as the *sight* could reach.
 Not so the *ethereal vault*; *encroachment* none
 Was there, nor *loss*, only the *inferior stars*
 Had *disappeared*, or shed a *fainter light*
 In the *clear presence* of the *full-orbed moon*,
 Who from her *sovereign elevation* gazed
 Upon the *billowy ocean*, as it lay
 All meek and *silent*, save that through a *rift*—
 Not distant from the *shore* whereon we stood,
 A *fixed, abysmal, gloomy* breathing-place—
 Mounted the *roar of waters, torrents, streams*
Innumerable, roaring with one voice!
Heard over earth and sea, and, in that hour,
 For so it seemed, *FELT* by the *starry heavens*.

When into *air* had *partially dissolved*
 That *vision*, given to *spirits* of the *night*,
 And *three chance human wanderers* in *calm thought*
 Reflected, it appeared to me the *type*
 Of a *majestic intellect*, its *acts*
 And its *possessions*, what it *has* and *craves*,
 What in *itself* it is, and *would become*.
 There I beheld the *emblem* of a *mind*
 That feeds upon *infinity*, that broods
 Over the *dark abyss*, intent to *hear*
 Its *voices* issuing forth to *silent light*
 In *one continuous stream*: a *mind* sustained
 By *recognitions* of *transcendant power*,
 In *sense* conducting to *ideal form*,
 In *soul* of *more than mortal privilege*.
 One *function* above all, of such a *mind*
 Had *Nature shadowed* there, by putting forth,
 'Mid *circumstances awful and sublime*,
 That *mutual domination* which she *loves*
 To exert upon the *face* of *outward things*,
 So moulded, joined, abstracted, so endowed
 With *INTERCHANGEABLE supremacy*,

That men, *LEAST sensitive, see, hear, perceive*
 And cannot choose but *feel*. The *power*, which *all*
 Acknowledge when *thus moved*, which *Nature* thus
 To *bodily sense exhibits*, is the *express*
Resemblance of that *glorious faculty*
 That *higher minds* bear with them as *their own*.
 This is the *very spirit* in which they *deal*
 With the *whole compass* of the *universe* :
 They from their *native selves* can send *abroad*
Kindred mutations : for *themselves create*
 A *like existence* ; and, *whene'er it dawns*
Created for them, catch it, or are caught
 By its *inevitable mastery*,
 Like *angels stopped upon the wing* by *sound*
 Of *harmony* from *heaven's remotest spheres*.
 Them the *enduring* and the *transient* both
 Serve to *exalt* ; they *build up greatest things*
 From *least suggestions* ; *ever on the watch*,
Willing to work and to be *wrought upon*,
 They need not *extraordinary calls*
 To *rouse them* ; in a *world of life* they *live* ;
 By *sensible impressions* not *enthralled*,
 But by their *quickenings impulse* made more *prompt*
 To hold *fit converse* with the *spiritual world*,
 And with the *generations* of *mankind*
Spread over time, past, present, and to come,
Age after age, till Time shall be NO MORE.
Such minds are truly from the Deity,
 For they are *POWERS* ; and *thence the highest bliss*
 That *flesh can know* is *theirs*—the *consciousness*
 Of *whom they are, habitually infused*
 Through every *image* and through every *thought*,
 And all *affections* by *communion* raised
 From *earth to heaven, from human to divine* ;
 Hence *endless occupation* for the *Soul*,
 Whether *discursive* or *intuitive* ;
 Hence *cheerfulness* for *acts of daily life*,
Emotions which *best foresight* need not *fear*,
 Most *worthy* then of *trust* when *most intense*.
 Hence, amid *ills* that *vex* and *wrongs* that *crush*
 Our *hearts*—if *here the words* of *HOLY WRIT*
 May with *fit reverence* be *applied*—that *peace*
 Which *passeth understanding*, that *repose*
 In *moral judgments* which from this *pure source*
 Must *come*, or will by *man* be *sought in vain*.

FROM COLERIDGE'S "FRIEND."

Antecedently to *all history*, and *long glimmering* through it as a
holy tradition, there *presents* itself to our *imagination* an *indefinite*
 period *dateless as eternity* ; a *state* rather than a *time*. For even the
 sense of *succession* is lost in the *uniformity* of the *stream*.

It was towards the close of this golden age (the memory of which the self-dissatisfied race of men have everywhere preserved and cherished) when conscience acted in man with the ease and uniformity of instinct; when labour was a sweet name for the activity of sane minds in healthful bodies, and all enjoyed in common the bounteous harvest produced, and gathered in, by common effort; when there existed in the sexes, and in the individuals of each sex, just variety enough to permit and call forth the gentle restlessness and final union of chaste love and individual attachment, each seeking and finding the beloved one by the natural affinity of their beings; when the dread Sovereign of the universe was only known as the universal parent, no altar but the pure heart, and thanksgiving and grateful love the SOLE sacrifice.

In this blest age of dignified innocence, one of their honoured elders, whose absence they were beginning to notice, entered with hurrying steps the place of their common assemblage at noon, and instantly attracted the general attention and wonder by the perturbation of his gestures, and by a strange trouble in his eyes and over his whole countenance. After a short but deep silence, when the first buzz of varied inquiry was becoming audible, the old man moved toward a small eminence, and having ascended it, he thus addressed the hushed and listening audience:—

“In the warmth of the approaching mid-day, as I was reposing in the vast cavern, out of which, from its northern portal, issues the river that winds through our vale, a voice powerful, yet not from its loudness, suddenly hailed me. Guided by my ear I looked towards the supposed place of the sound for some form, from which it had proceeded. I beheld nothing but the glimmering walls of the cavern. Again, as I was turning round, the same voice hailed me, and whithersoever I turned my face, thence did the voice seem to proceed. I stood still therefore, and in reverence awaited its continuation. ‘Sojourner of earth!’ (these were its words) ‘hasten to the meeting of thy brethren, and the words which thou now hearest, the same do thou repeat unto them. On the thirtieth morn from tomorrow’s sun-rising, and during the space of thrice three days and thrice three nights, a thick cloud will cover the sky, and a heavy rain fall on the earth. Go ye therefore, ere the thirtieth sun arise, retreat to the cavern of the river, and there abide till the clouds have passed away, and the rain be over and gone. For know ye, of a certainty, that whosoever that ruin wetteth, on him, yea, on him and on his children’s children, will fall—the spirit of MADNESS.’ Yes! madness was the word of the voice; what this be I know not! But at the sound of the word, trembling came upon me, and a feeling which I would not have had; and I remained even as ye beheld and now behold me.”

The old man ended, and retired. Confounded murmurs succeeded, and wonder, and doubt. Day followed day, and every day brought with it a diminution of the awe impressed. They could attach no image, no remembered sensation, to the threat. The ominous morn arrived, the prophet had retired to the appointed cavern, and there remained ALONE during the appointed time. On the tenth morning,

he emerged from the place of shelter, and sought his friends and brethren. But, alas! how affrightful the change! Instead of the common children of one great family, working towards the same aim by reason, even as the bees in their hives by instinct, he looked and beheld, here a miserable wretch watching over a heap of hard and innutritious small substances, which he had dug out of the earth, at the cost of mangled limbs and exhausted faculties. This he appeared to worship, at this he gazed, even as the youths of the vale had been accustomed to gaze at their chosen virgins in the first season of their choice. There he saw a former companion speeding on and panting after a butterfly, or a withered leaf whirling onward in the breeze; and another with pale and distorted countenance following close behind, and still stretching forth a dagger to stab his precursor in the back. In another place he observed a whole troop of his fellow-creatures famished and in fetters, yet led by one of their brethren who had enslaved them, and pressing furiously onwards in the hope of famishing and enslaving another troop moving in an opposite direction. For the first time the prophet missed his accustomed power of distinguishing between his dreams and waking perceptions. He stood gazing and motionless, when several of the race gathered around him, and inquired of each, "Who is this strange man? how strangely he looks! how wild!" "A worthless idler!" exclaims one. "Assuredly, a very dangerous madman!" cries a second. In short, from words they proceeded to violence: till, harassed, endangered, solitary in a world of forms like his own, without sympathy, without object of love, he at length espied in some foss or furrow a quantity of the maddening water still unevaporated, and uttering the last words of reason, "It is in vain to be sane in a world of madmen," plunged and rolled himself in the liquid poison, and came out as mad as, and not more wretched than, his neighbours and acquaintances.

II.—PUBLIC READING.

It is our intention to confine this section solely and entirely to one branch of public reading, namely, *dramatic* reading; this kind of entertainment having become of late years exceedingly popular, not only with persons of cultivated tastes and ideas, but with a large and powerful body of people belonging to inferior grades of society. All members and frequenters of mechanic, literary, and other institutions, must have become already familiarised with this fascinating but difficult department of the science of speaking. There are many persons, who are fairly entitled to be considered good elocutionists according to the general standard by which such artists are judged, who yet possess not the slightest pretensions to aspire to the position of a public dramatic reader. In fact, to attain to anything like eminence in this department, requires extraordinary capacities, both mental

and physical. In the first place, we must possess the faculty of entering intuitively into the different conceptions of the author, as manifested in the several characters which compose the drama; and secondly, we must be endowed with the necessary physique and its many accompaniments, together with the power of assimilating the different passions and emotions, in order to enable us to carry out and render the same unmistakably apparent to the audience. It is also essential, in order to render such exhibitions effective, that the parts which make up the *dramatis personæ* should not be merely read, but literally *acted*, with almost the same degree of force we should use, if, instead of *reading*, we were engaged in *impersonating* them on the stage of a public theatre; the only difference to be observed is, that, whereas in the latter case, considerable swaying of the body, and action of the arms, are not only usual, but necessary, we may, in the former instance, assume it as a general rule that the more we can dispense with all movement and activity of the limbs the better. It is customary in all public readings, lecturings, &c., for a gentleman to stand and a lady to sit while engaged in the performance of their arduous tasks; which latter practice we here take occasion seriously to deprecate, as causing the contraction of the organs of sound, and depriving the feminine reader of full one-half of the natural power and sustainment of her voice. It were better that she should break through a mere conventional, and, as far as we can see, an utterly unmeaning rule, and thereby place at her command the free exercise of the faculties bestowed upon her by the liberality of Nature, than that she should, out of a foolish regard for vulgar usages and prejudices, materially impede, by an apparent weakness of physique, the ultimate success of her valiant undertaking.

In all recitations of this kind, be careful that you distinguish the several characters one from the other, and make this distinction, as far as possible, not only perceptible to, but felt by, your listeners; otherwise the several relations of the parts and the action of the piece will be entirely lost, and the audience rise from their seats as ignorant of the true meaning and purpose of the composition upon which they came to be enlightened as they were on first assuming them. It is almost impossible to lay down any set mechanical rules by which this necessary end can be attained. So much depends upon our own versatility in the assumption of

various characters, that is, characters the opposite of, and standing in direct contrast to, each other; and even then, supposing ourselves in possession of this important faculty, the same would be inadequate unless accompanied by sufficient power and flexibility of voice, in order to enable us to vary our tone according to the number of persons supposed to be in colloquy. Some readers (though such have never attained to any eminence) have got over the latter difficulty by simply prefixing the names of the speakers to every speech in succession. But this method not only occasions considerable delay in the performance, but falls with such a continuous persistency on the ears of the auditors, that their ideas become gradually confused, and they find themselves at last mentally speculating as to whether *Duncan* is king, or *Macbeth* is king, or as to whether *Duncan* is *Duncan* or *Macbeth*, or whether *Macbeth* is *Macbeth* or *Duncan*; thus the perplexities of the hearers, far from being relieved by this system, are only thereby materially increased.

As a general rule, the names of the characters should only be mentioned at the commencement of scenes, the different exits and entrances, and in instances where the action and arrangement of the scene require a more than usual number of interlocutors; in which latter case the names may be given here and there, according to the requirements of the dialogue; the more convenient places for introducing the same being of course left almost entirely to the judgment of the reader.

The less, however, we make use of this privilege the better. Some readers (in order to verify, we suppose, the universal proverb, "Give an inch, take an ell") are apt to abuse it, and insert the names of the speakers where they are obviously unnecessary. For instance, there are many scenes intended to represent a variety of characters, all of whom have their several parts to sustain in the coming action, in which the dialogue is in a great measure carried on by two individuals, interrupted here and there by a third, fourth, or fifth person, as the case may be, breaking suddenly upon, and joining in their conversation. In such cases, it is easy to perceive that while two alone are engaged in the discourse, no name or names are required to be mentioned, and that such only becomes necessary when some person or persons, who have hitherto manifested no active interest in the subject of debate, gradually come forward to acquit themselves

of their several degrees of responsibility. It is also well to omit in this class of reading all ejaculatory expressions, such as, "Ah!" "Well!" "What?" "Heavens!" "How strange!" &c. (though they are usually spoken in acting), since they only serve to interrupt and mystify the dialogue, and to create doubt and confusion in the minds of the hearers, as to the person by whom they are supposed to be uttered.

We have only one more remark to offer under this heading, namely, that where the assumption and portrayal of so many characters depend upon one individual (as must necessarily be the case in Dramatic Readings, if he or she undertake their task singly), it is necessary, in order to husband the voice, and present greater variety, that the minor parts should not only be considerably toned down, but in some instances slurred over, so that the more important ones may be brought out with greater force and distinctness, and made to appear in more striking contrast. In fact, it is the safest and surest method to consult with ourselves beforehand, as to which part or parts we intend should shine out as "bright particular stars" from the galaxy of others, so that when the time of execution arrives we shall not have to pause in our discourse, in order to consider whether or no certain portions will be easier and more effective in vehement declamation, or otherwise.

With these two last suggestions, we shall bring the present section to a close. With regard to the other branches of public speaking, we have merely to state that they will be treated of further on in this work, under their more specific headings.

A DRAMATIC READING.

[In this scene the names of the interlocutors required to be spoken are marked with the letter (S); those which, on the contrary, should not be spoken, are indicated by the letter (N).]

Interior of the Temple.

(VIDENA discovered seated at an altar. King GORBUDOC and MARCELLA in front of stage.)

(S) MARCELLA. Was ever maid so wretched? Forth hath gone
My sire against my lover, him to slay!
War terrible, when nation against nation
Meet in fierce strife upon the neutral field;
But, when 'tis house 'gainst house, or worse than so,
The family within 'gainst one another,

Parent 'gainst child, and brethren against brethren—
Not only terrible art thou, O war,
But odious! without honour, without heroism,
Nothing but blood and tears, and broken hearts!

(S) KING. Life has for thee a long and hopeful way
For happy travel yet! For thee remain
Yet many flowery paths and pleasant views!
And well for thee that still within the springs
Of those fair eyes abides a fount of tears!
Would that Videna's matron orbs might pour
Such plenteous shower, or shed one slender drop;
Then might the silent, stubborn misery,
That eats her up, solution hope to find!

(S) VIDENA (*rising*). 'Tis done! Sweet pity's angel for thy
griefs,
Marcella, felt what I might not for mine.
Thy tender 'plainings made me pity thee,
For there was that in them was pitiable.
Thy griefs had not outgrown all sympathy;
And, while thy tears were flowing, mine began,
And once again this heart is almost human!

(S) KING. Videna, then again thou knowest me!
Thou art not now a fearful mockery
Of age and sorrow, and infirmity,
But hast to me returned a gracious queen!

(N) VIDENA. Returned, indeed! For on a distant journey
I verily have been—and, in my trance,
My heart was hardened to a rock—and is,
Yet am I bent to meet the worst can chance—
And that the worst will happen well I know!
But I am armed—am rigid—every nerve
And fibre of my body is upstrung,
Like a set harp, for the dread, solemn music
That fate means it to utter! I but bide
The period that is doomed—nor shall wait long!

Enter PHILANDER.

(N) KING. Well, speak thy business, boy.

(S) PHILANDER. A horseman comes
Flying this way with such unearthly speed,
I could not choose but tell thee.

(N) KING. Forth again,
And watch his course.

[*Exit PHILANDER.*

(S) VIDENA. His course is hither. Yes,
The end hastes on!

(N) KING. But it may not be evil—

(N) VIDENA. It must be.

(N) KING. 'Tis the kindness of the gods
To me, that they do make thee thus despair;
Whence seeking to compose thy mightier woe,

I minister that comfort to us both
I had scorned else myself !

Re-enter PHILANDER.

(S) PHILANDER. The horseman is
Prince Porreo ; he has dashed him from his steed,
And now is entering.

(S) KING. Calmly now, Videna.

(N) VIDENA. Fear me not, king—I am calm—am stone—and thou?

(N) KING. A wave that waits the wind !

Enter PORREO.

(N) KING. What dost thou here?
To make submission, as a conquered man,
That thou hast left alone the field of battle?

(S) PORREO. I am a conquered man—who hast lost all !

(N) KING. Thou mightst have lost it to a sterner foe,
Who would make no return—but if repentant,
Thou art still our son. Thy brother, then, is victor?

(N) PORREO. He, too, is vanquished—

(N) KING. Speak not riddles, boy!
There was no third for victor o'er ye twain !

[PORREO remains silent.]

(S) VIDENA. I know it, ere thou tellest me—yet speak !

(S) PORREO. Ferrex lives not !

(N) VIDENA. And it was thou who slewest him ?

(N) PORREO. Alas !

(N) VIDENA. In open fight, or by a secret stroke ?

(N) PORREO. In open fight, and not by secret stroke !

(N) VIDENA. On the fair plain ?

(N) PORREO. My mother, even so !

(S) MARCELLA (to VIDENA). And is it in thy heart to question
thus,

When Ferrex lies upon the bloody field,
Slain by his brother?

(S) PORREO. Thou, Marcella, thou?

(N) MARCELLA (to PORREO). Hence, for I find thou hast led my
heart astray,

Which now I read aright—which should have loved him,
For virtues such as I ne'er saw in thee—
Miled by thy fair outside, how untrue!
How comely was the frankness of thy brow,
How princely was thy cheerful countenance,
How manly was thy breast, thy arms how lithe,
Thy limbs how graceful in their symmetry !
When thou wert mounted on thy generous steed,
For chase or tilt, with favours in thy helm,
At leisure or in tourney, never man
Was better formed to charm a lady's eye,

Or worthier seen to win a lady's heart !
 But *he* did wear the beauty in his soul,
 The fitness we admired was his mind,
 And grandeur by his spirit was upheld !
 There, where he lies on the red field of death,
 Will I find out his corse, and, gazing on it,
 Proclaim unto his spirit, hovering near,
 What love I felt for him—but now first known ! [*Exit MARCELLA.*]

(S) PORREO. Now am I lost, indeed ! Abandoned thus,
 To whom for safety shall I now repair ?

(S) KING (*coming solemnly forward*). To me !—look in my face !
 thou canst not ?—Ah !—

Well—well, I will be calm as is thy mother.
 She sets a good example—I will learn it—
 Gods, gods ! I'm patient ! Tell thy tale right out,
 That I may know what exculpation—what
 Atonement has been or is needed—speak !

(N) PORREO. Father, with wounded soul, I will obey.
 The armies met—I saw him at the head
 Of valiant numbers ; wrath, with pride, and hate,
 And jealousy, ay, and a thousand passions,
 Which now his blood has quenched, perplexed my brain,
 I sought him—he avoided me—but still
 Him I pursued from point to point, till, seeing
 Our party got advantage by the turns
 He was compelled to take, to avoid my hunt,
 He stood at bay. He fought, and with a valour
 That showed he shunned me not from cowardice ;
 And I confess, with evident regard,
 Forbore to smite me, when 'twas in his power !
 But hell urged on my arm, and I smote him,
 Even to the death ! Then victory seemed mine—
 But, at the moment, from the southern side,
 Dunwarro, leading on slain Inner's troops,
 A troop of ghosts—for so they seemed to me
 In my confusion)—rushed from midst the lines
 Of my own ranks, and putting all to rout,
 With tresses wildly rent, unhelmed and shieldless,
 Scarce left me leisure to escape !

(N) KING. And better
 Had it been for thee thou hadst ne'er escaped !
 Come, bare thy breast, and let my sword dig deep
 Thy false heart from thy bosom !

(S) VIDENA. Seize upon
 The altar's horns, O Porreo, and be safe. (*He does so.*)
 For thee, O Gorbudoc, of Brutus' line,
 Thou monarch of the ancestry of Troy,
 This vengeance fits not thee. No, nor thine age,
 Nor famous memory, shall be stained with blood.

(N) KING. 'Twere divine justice should I kill him now.
 Thy temple, and thy shrine, Apollo, guard him ?

Restrain me not, aught holy, aught divine,
Lest I grow mad. Ye gods, are ye not fathers?

[Pacing round the stage in agony.]

(S) PORREO (*having taken refuge at the altar kneeling*).
What can I make of this? Surprise confounds me.

My mother, like the statue of a god,
Stands, in indifferent majesty serene,
As if the dead were nothing, having left
One of her children living; while my sire,
In vehement transport, circles round the fane,
With infinite swiftness, like a thunder-cloud
Driven by a whirlwind o'er a wilderness.
Gods! terrible for him who slays his brother
To meet again his parents, terrible.

(N) KING (*suddenly stopping*). Then be it so. But what it is forbid
A father's sword to do, is not forbid
A father's curse. Hear me, thou sun, whose beams
Were not turned back when this misdeed was done;
Hear me, and consecrate my words for things!
Here in thy temple. Let him not go forth
Unstamped with malediction. Let my curse
Be on him like a seal. Let it be in
His flesh like to a shaft shot from thy bow,
Apollo, and be mortal, as was that
Which slew the Python. Is he not a snake,
Who stung and slew his brother?

(N) PORREO. Sire and King,
Withdraw these obtestations from the ear
Of him who rules this shrine. A father's curse
Is more than I can bear.

(N) KING. What punishment,
That man can bear, befits the fratricide?
Stay with thy mother, if she can endure
The company of such a wretch as thou,
Myself will forth, and, like Marcella, seek
My slaughtered son upon the battle-field,
For whom I would have died. Thee contemplate
I will not—cannot—living. But like him,
To look on thee a corpse were happiness.

[Exit.]

(N) PORREO. I have no refuge but in thee, my mother!

(N) VIDENA. None, O my son!

(N) PORREO. Thy son!

(N) VIDENA. Yes—still, my son;
Albeit thy father cursed thee.

(N) PORREO. Thou wilt curse
Me not?

(N) VIDENA. No—for I waste not words.

(N) PORREO. Strange—brief—
And icy is thy speech.

(N) VIDENA. Wouldst thou have me praise
(Because I will not blame), in flowery phrase,

The deed which has deprived me of a son,
Whom once I loved as well as thee? and sure
That love for thee was strong, which such a deed
Has not extinguished. From yon altar now
Thou mayst divorce thy hands. Come in with me
To yonder chamber, our some time retreat,
While civil war was raging, to the which
Thou thus hast put an end. There will we talk
In private on this solemn business.

(N) PORREO. I thank thee, mother;—and 'twill stead me well—
For I am over weary.

(N) VIDENA. *Canst thou sleep?*

(N) PORREO. What meanest thou?

(N) VIDENA. Nothing.

(N) PORREO. 'Twas my phantasy
That made the tone thou speakest in startle me.
Truly, events like these will try us sore,
Howe'er we brave them out, and make us live
Even in the unconscious hairs that point our flesh.
I am grown sensitive; and, but that nature
Has been o'ertasked, should fear to slumber more.

(N) VIDENA. In—in—(*aside.*) His brother sleeps—why shouldst
not thou? [*Exeunt.*]

VIDENA; or, *The Mother's Tragedy.* ACT 4. S. 4.

III.—TABLE ORATORY.

By this heading, we mean more particularly those extemporaneous speeches and dissertations, which every man, who holds any position in society, is liable to be called upon to make, sometimes at short notice, and not always under circumstances either advantageous or encouraging. In general, however, he finds himself, in obedience to etiquette and long-established custom, compelled to yield to the demands thus suddenly made upon his oratorical powers, whether or no he feels himself fitted by nature or art for the undertaking. It therefore behoves every gentleman who does not wish to render himself disagreeable by an untimely refusal, or ridiculous by a good-natured compliance, to study to acquire the readiest and most approved method of acquitting himself satisfactorily upon such occasions.

It is better, supposing we know a sufficient time previously that we are likely to be solicited with a request of the kind, to arrange our materials beforehand, reducing what we have to say to a number of simple but set forms, regulated according to the matter such dissertation is in-

tended to embrace. In fact, it is by no means an uncommon proceeding (however much our readers may laugh at and ridicule the same), for an ambitious orator, upon occasions to which an extra degree of importance is attached, not only to prepare his speech in this manner, but deliberately to write it down on paper, and then commit it *verbatim*, word for word, to memory; so that when, in due process of time, he is called upon for its delivery, there he is, already armed, *cap-à-pie*, eager for the fight, and glorying in the foreknowledge that he is about to create an unexpected and extraordinary sensation.

For ourselves, we should decidedly recommend this latter plan as preferable to all others, overcoming, as it does, more than one-half the difficulties in the way of success at the very outset of our undertaking. As it is not, however, either convenient or likely that every gentleman whom circumstances may require to address a few sentences before a private and friendly assemblage of people, should have, as it were, the gist of his discourse (to make use of a vulgar expression) thus at his fingers' ends, we will, in order to meet the probable contingency of the exact opposite being the case, insert in this section a few remarks upon extemporaneous speaking.

REMARK I.—Always be earnest in what you say, and say it as though you were in earnest.

REMARK II.—Always make use of words least ambiguous in their meaning, and most suitable to the ideas you desire to express.

REMARK III.—Avoid all straining after effect; but speak in your natural tone of voice, as though you were delivering your own sentiments (as indeed you are, or at least are supposed to be), in the usual manner of common conversation.

REMARK IV.—Always pause on rising from the table, in order to adjust your ideas, and arrange the first two lines, which are the starting points of your discourse; for nothing tends more to render a man ridiculous than to hear him spluttering and stuttering over two or three inarticulate sounds (which clearly demonstrates that his mental faculties are becoming enveloped in a misty atmosphere), before starting into the subject of his harangue.

REMARK V.—Speak slowly and distinctly; and, above all, pause at the termination of sentences, in order to

arrange your thoughts upon the important particular of what is to come next.

REMARK VI.—Repress all tendency to nervousness; but as confidence begets confidence, take care to be provided with that very necessary ingredient to success, and have confidence in yourself.

REMARK FINAL.—Wisely keep your mouth shut, and do not attempt to open it, however extraordinary the solicitation, unless you are previously perfectly satisfied as to the amount of your knowledge of the Queen's English.

IV.—AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

More freedom of style and force of declamation are allowable upon these occasions than many others, especially if the company, as is usually the case, consist entirely of gentlemen, when the speaker may consider himself as matriculating *ad libitum*. Care should, however, be taken, in case the speaker becomes very energetic in his discourse, that he does not lose himself therein; when, besides getting into an unpleasant perspiration, which involves the necessity of every now and then bathing his temples with his handkerchief, he is apt to force out his words in a series of spasmodical jerks, as also to forget the true principles and proportions of artistic bearing, and to allow his legs, arms, shoulders, and, in fact, his whole body, to assume such odd, fantastical appearances, while they perform the office of beating time indiscriminately to the different syllables uttered in succession, as, were it in the power of any human being correctly to imitate, might well make the fortune of a burlesque actor in a pantomime. In truth, we have heard (though we do not intend in this place to give up the names of our authorities) of some very enthusiastic young men, just entering upon their novitiate in the art of speechifying, who have been so overwhelmed with their own feelings, and the torrent of their own eloquence, that they have become gradually oblivious of the original topic with which they started; and, whereas they commenced with a learned disquisition upon the state of politics at home and abroad, have unexpectedly wound up their discourse with a quaint, but scarcely philosophical allusion to the mellifluous influence of Macassar's hair-oil.

We do not mean to insinuate that such instances as the

above are of very frequent occurrence, far from it ; but even allowing that such cases of mental aberration are only liable to occur one time out of a thousand, yet, since any young, inexperienced neophyte might chance to be the unlucky individual picked out from a large number of others for the committal of such a ludicrous *contre temps*, it became our bounden duty, in this place, to warn him against the possible probability.

The lesson we wish to inculcate by the above remarks is, that all orators, whether they be required to exercise their powers in a public or merely private capacity, should cultivate the faculty of restraining their emotions, otherwise they will be continually exposing themselves to the ridicule and sarcasm of their friends or opponents, as the case may be. Now, although it is necessary, in order to render even the most eloquent and high-flown speech effective, that the speaker should appear to be in earnest, yet we would have it understood, that there is a vast difference between simply being in earnest, and giving unbridled sway to the different passions, feelings, and emotions by which we are at the moment actuated. To be able to keep these under control, at the same time that we do not allow our audience to perceive that we are doing so, is the very acme of art. Outwardly, everything should appear to be spontaneous and without effort, so that the attention of the assembly before which we dilate be not diverted from the substance of the matter uttered, to the person uttering it ; which diversion, supposing it to take place, would naturally lessen the effect of the former, and create in the latter a feeling of discomfort and oppression.

Study, then, to acquire the art to conceal art, which, by-the-by, is a degree of perfection to which few of even our greatest actors and orators can be said to have attained, excepting, indeed, in a very limited sense of the term. We, however, would advise no one to be discouraged by the apparent magnitude of the undertaking, but to go steadily on in the desired direction, consoling himself with the comfortable reflection, that if a man aim at the skies, though he can entertain no very reasonable hope of ever reaching the object of his ambition, yet he is sure in the magnanimous attempt, though not exactly to the extent of his wishes, to raise himself considerably up in the air.

We shall now go on to treat of a different kind of table

oratory, and which requires a lighter and more humorous style of delivery than the one we have just descanted on. The same we shall briefly designate as—

V.—WEDDING BREAKFAST SPEECHES.

In these kind of gatherings, which may be considered the same as merry-makings, such person or persons, upon whom devolves the task of proposing toasts to, and making speeches in honour of the bride and bridegroom, should be careful to assume a manner fitted to the mirth, and intense, though subdued, excess of feeling by which they are surrounded. Let the tones in which you speak be both easy and natural, and the words come glibly from your tongue, as though they were almost formed without the exertion of utterance. Above all, let your face be full of smiles, and your whole manner demonstrative of the utmost concern for the future happiness and welfare of the newly-married couple. As invitations for wedding parties are usually issued some time previous to the event, it is better for such of the bidden guests as have an intuitive feeling that they will be expected to take an active part in the proceedings, such as delivering themselves of a short tirade, &c., to follow the advice already volunteered in this work, and arrange what they intend to say beforehand; because, it is requisite that whatever is said should elicit enthusiasm, and be received with a corresponding degree of *eclat*, and not fall like a dead weight upon the spirits of the assembly, damping their ardour with long, tortuous, winding passages, which are neither to the point nor the purpose, but merely introductory of matter entirely unfitted and foreign to the occasion upon which it is uttered.

Now, as all speeches delivered upon these occasions necessarily require to be of a uniform description, supposing that it fall to the lot of any one individual to be summoned to a variety of wedding feasts during the term of his natural existence, and that each time he is expected to perform the same part therein, after his first essay, all future attempts need be attended with but comparatively little preliminary trouble, since the same formula, with a few corrections and variations, may be made use of upon every emergency. We are aware that some of our readers will laugh at this somewhat methodical and business-like manner of setting about what

is usually considered a very common and every-day task, and will also object upon the score that it involves a considerable outlay of both time and labour, where neither one nor the other is necessary. To such cavillers we have merely to make answer, that such works as the present are especially intended for the instruction of those who are desirous of excelling in a particular department of art; and that with regard to such persons as are not troubled with a like ambition, and who consider the necessity of addressing an assembly of people as a very disagreeable office, and care not in what manner they acquit themselves of the same, so long as they get over it easily and quickly, with such persons, we have merely to add, the present treatise has nothing whatever to do.

Wedding parties, however, do not allow of any great display of elocutionary powers; speeches upon these occasions are merely complimentary, and the briefer and more conversational they are rendered the better. Do not, therefore, attempt any unnecessary straining after effect, but simply strive to be natural. Etiquette also requires that the bride and bridegroom should be the principal features of attraction; and no man, even a consummate artist, who had in him a grain of common sense, would wish to break through the good old conventionalities of polite society, and force an unfavourable opportunity for the exhibition of his talents.

We now pass on to our sixth section, which will be found, to contain a few brief remarks upon an entirely different kind of oratory to any we have hitherto expatiated on.

VI.—FUNERAL ORATIONS.

To speak slowly, solemnly, and earnestly, laying particular stress upon such portions as bear more immediate reference to the virtues, habits, or peculiarities of the deceased, are rules so obvious, that they scarcely require to be here set down for the benefit of any commonly intelligent reader. There are not many speakers, however, who are capable of infusing into their discourse that deep tone of religious feeling, that intensity of utterance, and suppressed emotional sympathy with the spirit that is gone, which is so necessary to give due effect to the solemnity of the occasion. The soul of the orator should become, as it were, gradually

inspired by the spiritual atmosphere by which he is surrounded, and his words should apparently come from the very well-springs of his feelings, in a perfect torrent of supplication, devotedness, and heartfelt entreaty, as well for the living mourners, that they may be enabled to bear the pangs of their bereavement, as for the eternal welfare and acceptance of the departed soul. The emotions of his mind should be reflected in his countenance, which should vary in expression according as he is actuated by the spirit of the solemn argument he is engaged in delivering; there should be an assumption of reverence in his whole bearing, and which should be equally perceptible, as well in the smallest motion of his body, as in the widest and most artistic movement of his arms; there should also be an uneasy tremulousness in his speech, to denote how deeply the orator is moved by the mournfulness and sacredness of the task he has undertaken to perform; and in all passages where particular allusion is made to the mutability of the flesh, and the blessedness of the immortal state, the voice should sink to an intense but perfectly audible whisper. Of course, we should avoid all boisterous declamation, all complicated and exaggerated action, and lastly, and chiefly, all play and exercise upon the upper notes of the voice; since any tendency to err in the latter direction will not only render our discourse artificial, but create in the minds of our auditors a mingled feeling of disappointment and disgust. In short, what we have before designated as the *concentrated half monotone* may be made use of almost indiscriminately in compositions of this kind, and is, in fact, the only manner in which they can be rightfully and effectively delivered.

The practice of funeral orations has of late years almost entirely gone out of fashion; some persons will therefore consider it superfluous to have offered in this place any remarks upon the subject. As, however (though such are but exceptions to the general rule), we do occasionally hear of instances in which this good old custom has been revived in honour of individuals, who, during life, have been more than usually respected among their own particular friends and acquaintances, we have judged it advisable to insert a few instructions relative thereto.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
 We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.
 No useless coffin inclosed his breast;
 Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
 With his martial cloak around him.
 Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow!
 We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
 And we far away on the billow!
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him!
 But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the bell tolled the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun,
 That the foe was sullenly firing.
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line—we raised not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory!

VII.—VERSE.

Of all styles of composition, rhythmical verse is the most difficult to read with any degree of propriety or effect. Either we possess no ear whatever for that musical harmony which is the very essence of all true poetry, and are consequently incapable of making any distinction between it and prose, or else we fall into the very opposite extreme, and, betrayed by the regularity of feet, and the sameness of sound, render it in that contemptible hum-drum, *sing-song*

manner, which both effectually mars the beauty of the language, and deprives the intelligent listener of all the enjoyment he might otherwise have derived from our labour. To be able to hit the happy medium between these two very disagreeable extremes, requires a degree of skill and aptitude which few merely ordinary readers can boast of possessing. Though there are not many of the rules which are usually adduced in elocutionary works of this kind, for the recitation of verse, which are practically applicable for creating good and competent readers of the same, yet such of the more important ones, as bid fair to be productive of good results in guiding the learner in the right direction for the attainment of his object, we beg leave in this section briefly to submit to our readers. The first rule to be observed is, to give every syllable its *due proportion of sound*, so that the whole measure may flow on gracefully and harmoniously, without degenerating into that intolerable whine, which is so destructive to the author, and offensive to the good sense and understanding of the listener.

Though it is necessary in reading verse to trust a great deal to ear, yet we must be careful not to do so to the detriment of the sense. For instance, in emphasising words, we must beware of laying the stress wrongfully, because, in accordance with the harmony of the metre, the emphasis falls more musically upon one word than another. The following verses from Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" will serve as sufficient illustrations of this rule:—

"And the spring arose from the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast,
Rose *from* the dreams of their wintry rest;
But none ever trembled and panted with bliss,
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide, with love's sweet want,
As *the* companionless Sensitive Plant.

And the naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through *their* pavilions of tender green."

The words printed in *italics* are instances of how liable we are to fall into false emphasis, while trusting indiscriminately to the faculty of sound. The same caution may also be

given with regard to accent. The following example is taken from the same poem :—

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river buds glimmered by,
And around *them* the broad stream did glide and dance,
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance."

In all cases where a vowel is omitted and an apostrophe inserted in its place, the former should be preserved in pronunciation. Examples :—

" With what delight *th'* Enchantress views
So many buds, bathed with the dews
And beams of that blessed hour !"

" Beneath these rugged elms, that yew trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a *mould'ring* heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

This rule, however, does not hold good if the apostrophe be placed before a consonant, and the vowel, for which it is substituted, be the initial letter of a word. By this device two words are often merged into one. Example :—

" ' Yes, yes,' she cried, ' my hourly fears,
My dreams, have boded all too right ;
We part—for ever part—to-night ;
I knew, I *knew* it could not last—
' *Twas* bright, '*twas* heavenly, but '*'tis* past.' "

All well-constructed verse allows of a pause to be made in or near the middle of each line. This pause is called the *cæsura*, and requires to be regulated according to the sense. Example :

" The curfew tolls | the knell of parting day :
The lowing herd | wind slowly o'er the lea :
The ploughman homeward plods | his weary way,
And leaves the world | to darkness—and to me.
Now fades the glimmering | landscape on the sight,
And all the air | a solemn stillness holds :
Save where the beetle wheels | his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings | lull the distant folds."

Some verses are so constructed as not only to admit of one but two or more pauses in each line. Example :—

“ Not a drum was heard, | not a funeral note,
 As his corse | to the ramparts | we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged | his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave | where our hero | we buried.
 We buried him darkly | at dead of night,
 The sods | with our bayonets | turning,
 By the struggling | moonbeam's | misty light,
 And the lantern | dimly | burning.”

The musical harmony of poetry also requires that a pause should be made at the end of every line, whether, for the due rendering of the sense of the passage, such pause be necessary or not. This pause is called by elocutionists the *final pause*, and should be marked by a slight, almost imperceptible suspension of the voice upon the last syllable. Example:—

“ Ah, Zelica ! there was a time, when bliss |
 Shone o'er thy heart from every look of his ;
 When but to see him, hear him, breathe the air |
 In which he dwelt, was thy soul's fondest prayer.”

In poetry all passages which contain a simile should be read in a lower key than any of the parts which immediately precede it. Examples:—

“ But see, he starts—what heard he then ?
 That dreadful shout !—across the glen,
 From the land side it comes, and loud
 Rings through the chasm : *as if the crowd*
Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
Its ghoses, and ghives, and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out—
 So loud, so terrible, that shout ! ”

“ Who has not heard of the vale of Cashmere,
 With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave ?
 Its temples, and grottoes, and fountains as clear
 As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their waves ?
 Oh ! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the lake
 Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,
Like a bride full of blushes, when lingering to take
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes.”

It will be seen by the above few directions for reading verse, that, though a great deal of valuable aid may be rendered to the pupil in studying to acquire an effective delivery of the same, yet much must necessarily depend upon his own individual taste and judgment. With this section closes the

second portion of our work. The reader will be grateful for a few exercises in reading verse :—

EXERCISES ON THE CÆSURA, OR SINGLE PAUSE.

THE WANDERING BOY.

I.

When the wintry wind whistles | along the wild moor,
And the cottager shuts | on the beggar his door,
When the chilling tear stands | in my comfortless eye,
Oh, how hard is the lot | of the Wandering Boy !

II.

The winter is cold, | and I have no vest,
And my heart it is cold | as it beats in my breast ;
No father, no mother, no kindred | have I,
For I am a parentless | Wandering Boy.

III.

Yet I had a home, and I once | had a sire,
A mother who granted | each infant desire ;
Our cottage it stood | in a wood-embower'd vale,
Where the ring-dove would warble | its sorrowful tale.

IV.

But my father and mother | were summoned away,
And they left me to hard-hearted | strangers a prey ;
I fled from their rigour | with many a sigh,
And now I'm a poor | little Wandering Boy.

V.

The wind it is keen, | and the snow loads the gale,
And no one will list | to my innocent tale ;
I'll go to the grave | where my parents both lie,
And death shall befriend | the poor Wandering Boy.

KIRKE WHITE.

SOLITUDE.

It is not | that my lot is low,
That bids this silent | tear to flow ;
It is not grief | that hides my moan ;
It is | that I am all alone.

In woods and glens | I love to roam,
When the tired hedger | hies him home ;
Or by the woodland | pool to rest,
When pale the star | looks on its breast.

Yet when the silent | evening sighs,
With hallowed airs | and symphonies,
My spirit takes | another tone,
And sighs that it is | all alone.

The autumn leaf | is sere and dead,
It floats | upon the water's bed;
I would not be a leaf, | to die
Without recording | sorrow's sigh!

The woods and winds, | with sudden wail,
Tell all the same | unvaried tale;
I've none to smile | when I am free,
And when I sigh, | to sigh with me.

Yet in my dreams | a form I view,
That thinks on me, | and loves me too;
I start, | and when the vision's flown,
I weep | that I am all alone. KIRKE WHITE.

EXERCISES ON THE DOUBLE PAUSE, ETC.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands | bound
Cries, | "Boatman, | do not tarry;
And I'll give thee | a silver pound
To row us | o'er | the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, | would cross Lochgyle,
This dark | and stormy | water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief | of Ulva's isle,
And this | Lord Ullin's | daughter.—

"And fast before | her father's men,
Three days | we've fled | together;
For should he find us | in the glen,
My blood | would stain | the heather.

"His horsemen hard | behind us ride;
Should they | our steps | discover,
Then who will cheer | my bonny bride,
When they | have slain | her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy | Highland wight,
"I'll go, | my chief | — I'm ready:—
It is not for | your silver bright;
But for | your winsome | lady:

"And, by my word! | the bonny bird
In danger | shall not | tarry:
So though the waves | are raging white,
I'll row you | o'er | the ferry."—

By this the storm | grew loud apace,
The water- | wraith | was shrieking;
And in the scowl | of heaven, each face
Grew dark | as they | were speaking.

But still as wilder | blew the wind,
And as | the night | grew drearer,
Adown the glen | rode armed men,
Their trampling | sounded | nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" | the lady cries,
"Though tempests | round us | gather;
I'll meet the raging | of the skies,
But not | an angry | father."—

The boat has left | a stormy land,
A stormy sea | before her,—
When, oh! too strong | for human hand,
The tempest | gathered | o'er her.—

And still they rode | amidst the roar
Of waters | fast | prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached | that fatal shore,
His wrath | was changed | to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, | through storm and shade,
His child | he did | discover:—
One lovely hand | she stretched for aid,
And one | was round | her lover.

"Come back! come back!" | he cried in grief,
"Across | this stormy | water:
And I'll forgive | your Highland chief,
My daughter! | —Oh, | my daughter!"—

'Twas vain: | —the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return | or aid | preventing:—
The waters wild | went o'er his child,
And he | was left | lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

THE COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA.

How long | will ye round me | be swelling,
Oh, ye blue | tumbling waves | of the sea?
Not always | in caves | was my dwelling,
Nor beneath | the cold blast | of the tree.

Through the high- | sounding halls | of Cathloma,
In the steps | of my beauty | I strayed;
The warriors | beheld | Ninathóma,
And they blessed | the white- | bosomed maid!

A ghost, | by my cavern | it darted!
In moonbeams | the spirit | was drest—
For lovely | appear | the departed,
When they visit | the dreams | of my rest!

For disturbed | by the tempest's | commotion,
Fleet the shadowy | forms | of delight—
Ah! cease, | thou shrill blast | of the ocean!
To howl | through my cavern | by night.

COLERIDGE.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

There came | to the beach | a poor exile | of Erin,
 The dew | on his thin robe | was heavy | and chill ;
 For his country | he sighed, | when at twilight | repairing,
 To wander alone | by the wind- | beaten hill :
 But the day-star | attracted | his eye's | sad devotion,
 For it rose | o'er his own | native isle | of the ocean,
 Where once, | in the fire | of his youthful | emotion,
 He sang | the bold anthem | of Erin- | go-bragh.
 "Sad | is my fate !" | said the heart-broken stranger ;
 "The wild deer | and wolf | to a covert | can flee,
 But I have no refuge | from famine | and danger,
 A home | and a country | remain not to me.
 Never again | in the green | sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, | shall I spend | the sweet hours,
 Or cover my harp | with the wild- | woven flowers,
 And strike | to the numbers | of Erin- | go-bragh.
 "Erin, | my country ! | though sad | and forsaken,
 In dreams | I re-visit | thy sea-beaten shore ;
 But, alas ! | in a far | foreign land | I awaken,
 And sigh | for the friends | who can meet me | no more !
 Oh ! | cruel fate ! | wilt thou never | replace me
 In a mansion of peace | — where no perils | can chase me ?
 Never again | shall my brothers | embrace me ?
 They died | to defend me, | or live | to deplore !
 "Where | is my cabin door, | fast | by the wild wood ?
 Sisters | and sire ! | did ye weep | for its fall ?
 Where | is my mother, | that look'd | on my childhood ?
 And where | is the bosom friend, | dearer than all ?
 Oh ! | my sad heart ! | long abandon'd | by pleasure,
 Why | did it dote | on a fast- | fading treasure ?
 Tears, like the rain-drop, | may fall | without measure,
 But rapture | and beauty | they cannot | recall.
 "Yet | all its sad | recollections suppressing,
 One | dying wish | my lone bosom | can draw :
 Erin ! | an exile | bequeaths thee | his blessing,
 Land | of my forefathers ! | Erin- | go-bragh !
 Buried | and cold, | when my heart stills | her motion,
 Green | be thy fields, | — sweetest isle | of the ocean !
 And thy harp- | striking bards | sing aloud | with devotion,—
 Erin | mavourneen ! | — Erin- | go-bragh !"

CAMPBELL.

EXERCISE ON THE FINAL PAUSE.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

One more unfortunate, |
 Weary of breath, |
 Rashly importunate, |
 Gone to her death !
 Take her up tenderly, |
 Lift her with care ; |

Fashion'd so slenderly, |
 Young, and so fair!
 Look at her garments, |
 Clinging like cerements; |
 Whilst the wave constantly |
 Drips from her clothing; |
 Take her up instantly, |
 Loving, not loathing.
 Touch her not scornfully; |
 Think of her mournfully, |
 Gently and humanly; |
 Not of the stains of her, |
 All that remains of her |
 Now is pure womanly.
 Make no deep scrutiny |
 Into her mutiny |
 Rash and undutiful; |
 Past all dishonour, |
 Death hath left on her |
 Only the beautiful.
 Still for all slips of hers, |
 One of Eve's family— |
 Wipe those poor lips of hers, |
 Oozing so clammy.
 Loop up her tresses |
 Escap'd from the comb— |
 Her fair auburn tresses; |
 Whilst wonderment guesses |
 Where was her home?
 Who was her father? |
 Who was her mother? |
 Had she a sister? |
 Had she a brother? |
 Or was there a dearer one |
 Still, and a nearer one |
 Yet, than all other?
 Alas! for the rarity |
 Of Christian charity |
 Under the sun! |
 Oh! it was pitiful, |
 Near a whole city full, |
 Home she had none.
 Sisterly, brotherly, |
 Fatherly, motherly, |
 Feelings had changed: |
 Love, by harsh evidence, |
 Thrown from its eminence; |
 Even God's providence |
 Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver |
 So far in the river, |
 With many a light |
 From window and casement, |
 From garret to basement, |
 She stood, with amazement, |
 Houseless by night.
 The bleak wind of March |
 Made her tremble and shiver ; |
 But not the dark arch, |
 Or the black flowing river : |
 Mad from life's history, |
 Glad to death's mystery |
 Swift to be hurled— |
 Anywhere, anywhere |
 Out of the world !
 In she plunged boldly, |
 No matter how coldly |
 The rough river ran,— |
 Over the brink of it ;— |
 Picture it—think of it, |
 Dissolute Man ! |
 Love in it, drink of it, |
 Then, if you can !
 Take her up tenderly, |
 Lift her with care ; |
 Fashion'd so slenderly, |
 Young, and so fair !
 Ere her limbs frigidly |
 Stiffen too rigidly, —
 Decently,—kindly,—
 Smooth, and compose them ; |
 And her eyes, close them, |
 Staring so blindly !
 Dreadfully staring |
 Thro' muddy impurity, |
 As when with the daring |
 Last look of despairing, |
 Fixed on futurity.
 Perishing gloomily, |
 Spurr'd by contumely, |
 Cold inhumanity, |
 Burning insanity, |
 Into her rest. |
 Cross her hands humbly, |
 As if praying dumbly, |
 Over her breast !
 Owning her weakness, |
 Her evil behaviour, |
 And leaving, with meekness, |
 Her sins to her Saviour !

HOOD.
 E

PART THE THIRD.

ELOCUTION.

THAT the ancient Greeks, of all nations of antiquity, were most celebrated for their proficiency in the oratorical and elocutionary art, is a generally admitted fact: the secret of this proficiency was, that they accepted nature, not theory, as their guide, and by this simple process placed themselves under the jurisdiction of an universal law, which, if only rightly understood and carried out, could not fail in its results. The absence of any public press in those days prevented the possibility of the issue of pamphlet after pamphlet upon this subject, all written by different masters, and professing opposite principles; the ancients were, therefore, compelled to be content with the simple rules deduced from their own personal experience, which simple rules formed the basis of the art as taught in their public schools, which (so great was the importance attached by the Greeks to this branch of education), as early as the time of Theseus, were opened for the instruction of the people, or else they took as their model some public orator, whose reputation was sufficient to draw around him a host of admiring disciples and followers. That this plan was more fruitful in raising eminent speakers than our present artificial system, is fully demonstrated by the fact, that the orators of those days far outshone in brilliancy, refinement, and spontaneity, those of more modern times. The ancients, moreover, had but one standard by which they judged the excellence of their artists, namely, the effect created by them upon their listeners. It was necessary for a successful orator of that early period to possess the key to the *hearts* of the people, by which he should be enabled to command their feelings, passions, emotions, and carry them irresistibly along in the current of the opinions he discussed and advocated, so that at the termination of his harangue he might be sure of receiving their unanimous suffrages in behalf of any measure he

had adopted and proposed. If it be taken into consideration that among the Greeks, at least, so long as they maintained their independence, all state measures were adopted after public and mature deliberations, in which assemblies the most powerful and effective orators naturally assumed the ascendancy, we shall at once perceive the force of the above statement, and the reason why they so diligently sought after such embellishments and improvements as had their origin in Nature, since by it alone they could hope to sway and direct the spirit of the multitude. Now, if our modern speakers and elocutionists would only follow the example of the ancients, and, instead of seeking for a multiplicity of abstract rules and theories, none of which are conducive to any practical purposes, would study to imitate nature solely, discarding everything that tends in an opposite direction, they would soon perceive the wisdom of that course in the greater power of persuasion and general influence they would exercise over the minds of their auditors. Strongly recommending the adoption of this system to our readers, we must (for want of space) somewhat summarily conclude this short prefatory notice, and plunge at once into the different headings which will be found to compose the third and last portion of our present dissertation.

I.—THE BAR.

It requires a first-class elocutionist to speak effectively at the bar. Distinctness of utterance, force, and occasionally vehemence of declamation, together with practised skill in the management and modulation of the voice, are indispensable requisites: the words should also be accompanied by appropriate, graceful, and expressive action. With regard to the latter particular, however, any undue exaggeration of movement or action will only tend to render the pleader and his cause ridiculous to the by-standers; for which reason it is obvious that of two evils it is safer to err upon the side of doing too little than too much, though it is, of course, the province of every public speaker to be able to hit the happy medium between the two extremes. Thus, though it is an unpardonable offence in an orator to be continually sawing the air with his hands, as though he were holding an imaginary contest with some shadowy opponent, we do not mean thereby to hint that he is to use no action at all, and to get rid of his two very troublesome and useless sets of

"pickers and stealers" by the only too evident device of what is vulgarly called *pocketing* them, or that he should allow them to hang listlessly by his side, as though those two respectable members had been suddenly stricken with palsy, or otherwise cut off from the healthy circulation of the blood which apparently animates the several neighbouring parts of his body. Neither is he to keep his eyes continually turned upwards, as though speculating upon some new conjunction of the planets, nor to bend them uniformly downwards, as though afraid to look up like a man and face his interlocutors; as equally reprehensible would it be for him to keep his eyes fixed upon *one spot*, as though awaiting the arrival of some anxiously expected visitor. In fact, there is no emotion of the mind that has not its corresponding and appropriate action; and it is the business of every one who wishes to shine conspicuously in public oratory, to find out what these actions are, and make use of them accordingly. For instance, there is no man, supposing him in the right possession of his faculties, who, when addressing *heaven*, would look *downward*, or, when speaking of the *earth*, would look *upward*, or when accosting his fellow-creatures, would look in the very opposite direction to that in which they were standing. By the same rule, if he expresses amazement, he naturally lifts up his hands and eyes; if he wishes to speak particularly of himself as suffering under some intense sorrow or internal disquietude, he presses his right hand to his breast, as the most expressive sign thereof. If he wishes to express horror or aversion, he starts back, with a repressive action of the arms; but if, on the contrary, he has some extraordinary boon or favour to solicit, he comes forward, clasping his hands together in earnest supplication and entreaty. If he is threatening the vengeance of Heaven against some miserable culprit, he contracts his eyebrows, and extends his arm in a menacing attitude; but if he wishes to invite the wanderer back to the paths of happiness and virtue, he spreads out his arms benevolently, as though awaiting to embrace the prodigal. Thus, any misapplication of these and other gestures, being, as they are, intended to represent the several and individual moods of mind, either by substituting one for the other, or by using the right one in an exaggerated form, will necessarily throw nature from her just proportions, and tend to render the speaker and his discourse both ridiculous and unnatural. As we said before, in this

particular, it is safer to err upon the side of doing too little than too much, especially at the *bar*, where, indeed, more than a very moderate play and action of the arms is neither judicious nor in character. Above all, do not make use of any gesture or action which is *obviously* studied; unless you have acquired the art by which you can conceal the *appearance* of art; the first, preliminary study is entirely thrown away and worthless. Every tone of the voice, every movement of the body should be *apparently* spontaneous, as though the speaker had been drawn into them naturally and unconsciously by the importance or spirit of the matter to which he is giving utterance. Avoid, too, anything like a stiff or pedantic style of speaking, and be careful not to utter thoughts which are in themselves trifling and utterly unworthy of notice, with an undue solemnity of manner, as though you were desirous of improving the occasion for showing off your own powers of articulation. This, though a common, is a very grave error, inasmuch as it destroys all variety of expression, and by investing the minor portions with an artificial weight and preponderance, deprives the really major parts of their proportionate degree of significance in the discourse. Nor must we omit one advantage pertaining to the forensic orator—namely, the fact of his wearing robes, and the opportunity which it gives him of arranging and using their folds with grace, expression, and effect. Speeches delivered at the *bar* require to be commenced in a kind of undertone, the same gradually extending and expanding as the speaker becomes more earnest and decided in his assertions, and his mode of interpreting the intricacies of the law. He should speak slowly and deliberately, making use of no arbitrary inflections of the voice; but simply modulating his tone according to the requirements of the language, and the effect he wishes to produce upon the minds of the jury and the surrounding spectators. He must take care that the concluding words of his sentences are distinct and audible, otherwise the greater portion of his argument will be lost upon the bulk of his listeners. He must take breath systematically, and at regular intervals, in order to prevent that unnatural straining and belabouring of the voice which is consequent upon the exhaustion of the organs of respiration, before arriving at such points where a fresh supply can be legitimately taken. And, lastly, he must reserve the fullest extent of his powers, the greatest

force and vehemence of his declamation, for the termination and winding up of his discourse, because the final impression is always the most lasting, and exercises the greatest influence upon the thoughts and feelings of our fellow-creatures; and it therefore becomes more than usually important, where so much depends upon the crowning effort, as is obviously the case with a special pleader, that the grand *coup* should be artistically kept back to form the closing tableau in the drama.

If the tyro at once proceed to educate himself upon the above simple principles, he need entertain no fear of being ultimately enabled to deliver himself effectively at the bar.

EXAMPLE OF FORENSIC ELOQUENCE.

CICERO AGAINST VERRES.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state,—that in prosecutions men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted: I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public; but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his *quæstorship*, the first public employment he held,—what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies?—Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of the people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his *prætorship* here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge?

Let those who suffered by his injustices answer. But his proterity in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument of his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best prators will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them; for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the Commonwealth, nor of the natural and inalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the Commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors belonging to a province, under the protection of the Commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the provinces, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes carried off, and the temple stripped of the images. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "*I am a citizen of Rome!*" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them; but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge! Will you pretend to deny it! Will you pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated, is alleged against you! Had any prince or any state committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring war against them! What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prator, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Coenatus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape! The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prator. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence,

or even of *suspicion*, of having come to Sicily as a *spy*. *It was in vain* that the unhappy man cried out, "*I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence.*" The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "*I am a Roman citizen!*" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O Liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred! now trampled upon! But what then?—is it come to this! Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen! Shall neither the cries of innocence, expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance!

I conclude with expressing my hopes that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Curius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

II.—PARLIAMENT.

Parliamentary speaking being of the argumentative kind, its chief element is distinctness, coupled with energy and decision. The principal object of the speaker is to show up the different bearings of the cause he advocates in the most favourable light, as also to exhibit those of the opposition to the greatest possible disadvantage. He will, therefore, in order to invest them with greater force, dwell longer upon his words while expatiating upon the merits of the principles he wishes to have adopted, than while engaged in refuting those set forth by his opponents. As this kind of speaking has a natural tendency to be monotonous, the orator will find it necessary, in order to prevent his hearers becoming wearied and inattentive, and thereby losing the main thread of his argument, to vary, every now and then, not only his tone, but the general style of his delivery, even though the latter be scarcely warranted by a

corresponding change in the treatment of the subject he is at the time debating. As parliamentary debates are often carried on considerably beyond midnight, at which period the senses of the individual legislators become, as it were, drugged, and their apprehensions dulled, such member or members upon whom devolves the task of taking an active part in the deliberations, should, instead of falling into a prosaical style of utterance, which argues that they themselves are getting somewhat perturbed and drowsy, exert all their energies to arouse the half-slumbering faculties of their colleagues, and force them to pay attention to the business enacting. In fact, unless the aspirant be perfect master of the several branches of elocution; is thoroughly acquainted with the rules of emphasis, punctuation, and just proportions; knows when to raise his voice to a falsetto, and when to drop it to an only just audible whisper; when to assume a persuasive, and when a commanding attitude; when to hurry his sentences one into the other, as if carried away by the vehemence of his feelings, and when to pause upon the same, in order to give the assembly time to digest fully some important proposition; unless, in short, he be a consummate artist, he will never become a successful parliamentary orator. The proof of this assertion is, that all our leading men in the legislature, if they have not possessed the faculty of impersonating the different passions and emotions, which belongs more particularly to the actor's vocation, have at least had a complete command over their own language, and been considered as thorough elocutionists.

In this, as in all other departments of this difficult art, ease, variety, and the important auxiliary of art concealing art, are the surest guarantees to honour and success.

EXAMPLES.

LORD BROUGHAM ON NEGRO SLAVERY.

I trust that, *at length*, the time has come, when Parliament will no longer bear to be told, that *slave-owners* are the *best law-givers* on *slavery*; no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic, in *empty warnings* and *fruitless orders*. Tell me not of *rights*—talk not of the *property* of the *planter* in his *slave*. I *deny* his rights,—I *acknowledge not* the property. The *principles*, the *feelings* of our common nature, rise in *rebellion* against it. Be the appeal made to the *understanding* or to the *heart*, the *sentence* is the *same*—that *rejects* it! In *vain* you tell me of *laws* that *sanction* such a *claim*! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes—the same

throughout the world—the same in all times; such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to *one* world the source of power, wealth, and knowledge—to the other, all utterable woes, such is it at this day; it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man: and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood, they shall reject with indignation the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man!

In vain ye appeal to treaties—to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite, and not truly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by Parliament leading the way: but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled: it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profit to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the Government at home beware—let the Parliament beware! The same country is once more awake—awake to the condition of negro slavery: the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering, that annihilated the slave trade; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall will not be destroyed before I have warned them: but I pray that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God!

MR. HORACE WALPOLE IN REPROOF OF MR. FITT.

Sir,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman, who declaimed against the bill with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard for any interest but their own; and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him how little the clamours of rage and petulency of invectives contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion. Formidable sounds and furious declamations, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and, perhaps, the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of con-

manifesting their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than to declaim, and to prefer justice of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He would learn, sir, that to accuse and to prove are very different; and that reproaches unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him who utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory, are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it surely would contribute more even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

MR. PITT'S REPLY.

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation, who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remainder of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language, and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrrench

themselves, nor shall *anything* but *age* restrain my resentment ;— *age*, which always brings *one* privilege—that of being insolent and *supercilious* without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I HAD acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure : the heat that has offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

III.—THE PULPIT.

Too little regard is paid by clergymen of the Established Church to the manner of their delivery, though upon it depends, almost entirely, the effect created by their discourses upon their several congregations. No matter how sublime and perfect a sermon may be in itself, considered as a work of composition, nor how noble a figure it may assume when reduced to print, it will, when spoken, be altogether ineffective, and unproductive of any religious sentiment, however feeble, in the minds of the congregation, unless it is rendered by the preacher not only with propriety and judgment, but with a zeal and earnestness proportioned to the warmth and importance of the subject of which he is treating.

To the clergy the advantage of elocution in preaching is obvious ; but as a late writer observes, a man may be taught to read a prayer but not to pray it. It should not be declaimed. Until the reader forgets he is speaking in public, he cannot pray the prayers he utters aloud. No general rule on this subject, says one who understands the matter well, is better than that given by our English Roscius to a young clergyman—"Feel what you read, and read as you feel." The same good authority thinks there can be no doubt that it is mainly owing to the liturgy being so generally read in a tone of declamation, instead of supplication, that it makes so little impression on our congregations. The least that can be expected from a clergyman entering a reading-desk or pulpit is a correct pronunciation ; yet it is rarely found even among London curates. Self-possession, besides, is seldom gained by one of a nervous temperament, yet how essential is it to a public speaker or lecturer. Some readers commit mistakes from absence of mind, and such mistakes, as a

clerical writer remarks, are more painful made in the reading-desk than when committed in the pulpit.

The clerical author referred to relates the story of a friend who displayed more elocutionary skill than devotional feeling as a reader of the liturgy. Unable to tolerate bad reading even in the occupant of the desk below him, his fastidiousness was the cause to him of much annoyance. His clerk, like most of his class, scattered his accents and emphases at random. "Seldom," the tale continues, "was a service performed without his receiving from the vicar, when it was over, either the correction of a fault in his elocution, or some general instruction in the art of reading. It happened one sunday, that Amen, in making the response, 'Lord, have mercy upon us,' laid an uncommonly strong emphasis on the last word. The elocutionist got the better of the parson. 'John,' he cried from the reading-desk, 'how many times have I told you by laying the emphasis on *us*, you make the petition to refer only to you and me?'"* It may be added that greater care should be taken in the selection of parish-clerks. And both they and their pastors should always recollect that in reading the Scriptures and the prayers, the final *et* in verbs and adjectives should always be distinctly sounded.

We have often heard people express themselves puzzled to account for the fact, that while the members of every other profession requiring the public display of elocutionary powers, have paid particular attention, and devoted considerable time and labour to the acquirement of a correct and effective delivery, so many of the clergy should have habitually neglected the same, as though their vocation were of so little importance, that it was altogether immaterial whether their words found an echo in the hearts of the multitude or otherwise. Now, when we consider that the great body of the people look up to their pastors and ministers as their spiritual chiefs, for religious instruction, consolation, support, and guidance, through all the evils of life, and that unless such pastors and ministers are competent to their tasks, and capable of exercising a beneficial influence over the animal passions of their parishioners, there will be no check to the spread of infidelity, crime, ignorance, and folly, we shall see that it is the *duty* of the clergy to embrace every available means placed within their compass for rendering their dissertations more convincing and irresistible to those

* "A Voice from a Mask."

for whose regeneration and enlightenment they are especially intended. This tendency on the part of the ministry of the Church of England to ignore the very essential, but mechanical study of the art of speaking, arises from a purely Christian and praiseworthy feeling, namely, deference for the matter, and contempt for the form. Now, however good and incontrovertible this may be as a *principle*, considered in a purely theoretical point of view, it shares the fate of many another principle equally obvious and unimpeachable, of being productive of very indifferent results when reduced to *practice*. Unfortunately it is not in the power of any individual body of society to alter the existing order of things; and as the large majority of people are unconsciously slaves to forms and appearances, and can in fact, as a preliminary step, only be induced to accept the matter out of admiration for the guise in which it is presented, it is evidently better policy, so that the ultimate end be attained, rather to yield to than fight against the natural frailties and weaknesses of humanity. Moreover, as vice is held up to us decked in such gay and alluring habiliments, why should not *religion* be invested with all those charms and adornments which are *legitimately her own*, in order to awaken and strengthen the zeal of her votaries? For instance, if a preacher, instead of droning out syllable after syllable of his discourse in the present cold, dry, lackadaisical manner, the only effect of which is to send the whole congregation to sleep, can, by entering energetically into the spirit of his sermon, making use of the proper modulation and inflections of the voice, and calling to his aid the whole known science of elocution, warm his audience into enthusiasm for the great cause of truth as manifested in the doctrines of Christianity, what objection can there be to his exerting himself to bring about such a laudable and much to be desired result? It must also be remembered that religion was made for the sinner, not for the saint, and that, therefore, though we may experience no difficulty in imbuing the latter with a due sense of virtue and justice, it is necessary with the former to appeal to something stronger than his reason, which, having proved insufficient to deter him from falling into temptation, will be found equally inadequate, unaided by any extraneous influence, to reclaim him from error. With him it is necessary to work upon his feelings, his passions, his emotions, to force his attention and sympathies into a current of ideas

foreign to his usual modes of thought, whether the same be extended voluntarily or not; to accomplish this requires the possession of great oratorical as well as argumentative powers on the part of the preacher. It is not sufficient that he can convince the sinner by his *reasoning*, he must also be enabled to inspire him by his eloquence, and the impressiveness of his delivery, with a laudable ambition to excel in goodness, in the same manner as the ancients were inspired by their orators with a sudden, irresistible impulse to follow in the steps of heroes and martyrs. There are few, indeed, who do not possess a *knowledge* of what is right, the difficulty is to get them to act *according* to that knowledge; and as nothing is so generally contagious as real, *bonâ fide* earnestness and enthusiasm, it is important that every pastor, while exhorting his people to righteousness, should not only be, but *appear* to be, thoroughly engrossed in and carried away by the spirit of his discourse, in order that he may be able to infuse a little of his own Christian liveliness and solicitude into the bosoms of his hearers. In answer to the objection which may possibly be started by many prejudiced persons to the effect that the style of delivery herein recommended is ostentatious, and indicative of the divine preaching himself rather than his Master, we have merely to urge that there is a vast difference between simple earnestness and ostentation, and that the cold rigidity of demeanour and utterance assumed by the pastors of modern times is by no means warranted by the example of the Scripture orators, who, to judge from their writings, and the results of their labours, must have been particularly warm and energetic while delivering their orations to the multitude.

We do not, however, wish to be misunderstood, and in giving directions to the preacher to be warm and zealous in his discourse, to show that his words are the results of his own feelings and convictions, we do not mean thereby to insinuate that he is to storm and rave at his congregation, as though religion were a thing to be communicated by mere force of lungs, and mankind in such a primitive state of unintellectual sloth as to be only capable of being *bullied* into the acceptance of their duty. Neither is he to fall into that hideous whine, so prevalent amongst some of our dissenting ministers, and forcing his body into all kinds of horrible contortions, in exaggerated imitation of the exaggerated action of bad players, *sob* out each sentence of

his sermon after the fashion of a lubberly school-boy, suddenly condemned by his tutor, for inattention to his studies, to remain after school-hours and learn an extra page of his Latin *Æneid*. As a rule, the less positive action of the arms and hands a preacher uses in the pulpit, the better. There are other ways of impressing his audience with a belief of his sincerity besides continually drawing, with his four fingers and thumb, what we always feel inclined to term, imaginary caricatures in the air. Some actions are, however, especially to be avoided. For instance, that which is usually called, in technical language, the *spread-eagle* attitude, that is, both hands extended in an elevated position, and the body inclining forwards, as if the reverend exhorter were in the act of *flying upwards* from this world of sinfulness and sorrow. Another action to be reprehended is that uneasy activity of the fingers opening and closing upon empty space, which conveys the uncomfortable impression to the by-standers (or rather, by-sitters, to speak more correctly), that the speaker is engaged in the imaginary labour of digging up the bones of the prophets. And lastly, we would warn our readers against that incessant hammering of the knuckles upon the cushions of the pulpit, which always invests us with a notion that the preacher is knocking for the admission of his whole congregation into the four gates of heaven. We advise, then, that the clergy, carefully avoiding all ostentation and affectation of manner, should deliver their sermons in such wise as is best calculated to make a lasting impression upon the minds of their hearers, and to imbue them with a due sense of the importance of the subject upon which they are expatiating, namely, Christianity, and that they should do this regardless of the prejudices of narrow-minded people, by whom any innovation upon long-established custom, however reprehensible the latter may be, is considered as a kind of sacrilege. Moreover, when we take into consideration that the Wesleyans—who can scarcely be looked upon in the light of dissenters from the Church of England, professing as they do all its principal doctrines, only differing in a few unimportant details—when we consider that this large body of people have ever made it a practice to study the science of speaking, and that their sermons are so much more effective in consequence, the clergy of the Established Church can scarcely be deterred from doing the same by the fear that they are introducing

a new system, and thereby running counter to people's pre-conceived opinions, when they are merely following the example set them by their equally orthodox and pious brethren.

EXAMPLE OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.—FROM DR. LESTER'S
ORATIONS.

"How shall I give thee up, Ephraim! how shall I deliver thee, Israel! how shall I make thee as Admah! how shall I set thee as Zeboim! Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together."—HOSEA xi. 8.

The land of Israel was polluted with idol-worship. Idols were seen on every high hill. The people had given themselves over to idolatry. God, who had done so much for them; God, who had loved them with such marvellous affection, and had chosen them from among the nations of the earth; God, who had done such mighty works, even Him they had neglected, and deserted, and forgotten; and instead of God, who made the world and created the heavens, they chose stocks of wood, idols, the work of men's hands, which could neither see, nor hear, nor help, nor bless. These they worshipped: these they served!

Impurity defiled the land. Truth had perished; mercy was unknown; swearing, lying, stealing, murder, and adultery stalked, with fearful strides, over the realm. God's ways, God's works were altogether neglected. God's winning voice, God's threatening wrath had fallen unheeded.

Ephraim and Israel still forgot God: "joined themselves to idols, played the harlot with many lovers." Their career had been a career of sin; their life, a life of guilt. The cup of their iniquity was full: then vengeance surely cometh.

Are the heavens shrouded with blackness? Does the sun quench itself in darkness? Is God's fury, reeking with the blood of thousands, hovering over the land? Is the realm swept by the storm? Is the realm winnowed by the hurricane? Is the realm desolated by the famine? Is the realm blasted by the mildew? Is the realm scorched and burnt up by the fire?

No; not this, not this. No sound of wrath is heard. No anger seen. No shrieks and dying groans and ghastly wails arise from the crushed myriads of a fallen empire. What then? is not their guilt complete?

Come with me into the presence-chamber of Divinity, and there behold a wondrous sight, even the heart of God, unfolded, open, bare, so that his creatures may see. And what behold we—anger? no; vengeance? no; judgment? no; hatred, and scorn, and burning indignation? NO.

The struggles of a Father. The struggles of his love against his justice; the struggles of his pity and yearning solicitude against his anger. Justice demands punishment, and points with a stern and unbending countenance to Ephraim's and Israel's guilt. But there that wondrous heart, that infinite, that boundless, that love-heart

struggles and pleads. Did it not *create* them? did it not *love* them when *children*? did it not make the *sea roll back* its tide for them, and for them sent *angels' food*? and did it not give them a "*land flowing with milk and honey*!" And how, *how* can that heart give them up to ruin and death?

A wondrous scene: God's heart *struggling*, God's heart *panting*, God's heart *throbbing*, like an *earthly parent's*, nay, with all the deep unfathomable love of his own nature. It cannot, cannot part with its beloved, though *erring*, though *sinful*, though *polluted* children.

True, they had *sinned* and *thrown off* a *parent's love*, and *forgotten* all a *Father's care*, and *defied* his *commands*, and *broken* his *laws*, nay, had *forsaken* the *parental home*, and chosen a *roofless habitation*, and for *companions*, the *fiends of hell*! Oh, the *children*, instead of being *innocent*, and *fair*, and *white as snow*, are now *guilty* and *covered with blood*. And yet all this, instead of *awakening anger* and bringing down *punishment*, awakens only *agonising love*, and brings down *tenderest persuasions*.

There is *silence*, the *silence of eternity*. Does that *large wondrous heart* break into *expression*? How can it leave the *beloved children* to *destruction*, to be *torn*, and *wounded*, and *slain*? These, these are the *feelings*, *wringing out* from that heart *marvellous utterance*.

When we might have supposed that heart *closed* to all emotions of *love*; when we might have supposed that bosom *steeled* to every feeling of *pity*; when we might have supposed nothing but *anger*, nothing but *vengeance burning* there; it is then, *even then*, that it *throbs* with a more *bursting tenderness*, and *yearns* with a more *inexpressible compassion*. "*How shall I give thee up, Ephraim? how shall I deliver thee, Israel? how shall I make thee as Admah? how shall I set thee as Zeboim?*" Mine heart is *turned within* me, my *repentings* are *kindled together*."

And yet with all *God's strivings*, with all the *struggles* of his *love*, with all his *wondrous mercy*, stooping oftentimes over the *flaming pit of hell*, and turning back with almighty power hosts that were rushing thither, with all his *yearning pity*, *Ephraim* and *Israel* plunged deeper and deeper into *sin*: and within *twenty-one years* after this *bitterness* and *anguish* of *God's heart*, they were *captives* in a *strange country*, and their *throne dashed for ever* to the *ground*.

And now, *neglecters* of *God*, *forgetters* of *God*, *despisers* of *God*, I would deal with you this morning. What message does it bear to you? *Yes, my fellow-men*, it bears the same message, speaks the same *touching, wondrous love*. For you, notwithstanding your *carelessness*, notwithstanding your *neglect*, your *indifference*, your *coldness*, notwithstanding your *GUILT*, for you that *large heart* of *God* *struggles and pleads*. Could you see it now, you would behold it *torn* and *rent* on account of you; *torn and rent, sinful and polluted* though you are; *torn and rent, unmindful of heaven* as you may be.

There shines the sun, causing the *herb to grow*, the *trees to bud* and *flower*, and *bring forth fruit*. He *shines* and *warms* you. He *shines* and *gives you light*. You can *enjoy his beams*, he *shines*

upon saint and sinner alike: upon God's servant and the devil's slave alike: alike upon the obedient and rebellious.

There he shines. He might be quenched in darkness, but no! He might be dashed from his sphere, but no! He might flame upon the world and wither it up, but no. There he shines, and you may go on reckless in guilt, go on reckless in lust, go on reckless in neglecting your Saviour, and yet he shines; shines clear, and bright, and warm.

Does that not tell you of God's heart? Does it not speak the struggles of his bosom—the prevailing of his love against his justice? And all Nature's sweet and kindly gifts utter the same kindly pity, the same winning, yearning affection.

There shines the sun; here stands the cross. God's Spirit brings it here this morning, and holds it up before you all. There it is, the cross clotted with blood! There it is, the Divine Sufferer hanging, torn and wounded, and bleeding and dying thereon! There it is, the heavens all dark around, the infuriated rabble raging beneath! There it is, the death-shriek tearing its way from the quivering lips of the Saviour up, up to God! There, there it is, upreared for you, that you may be won to God.

Wrath has not overtaken you. Anger has not spent its rage upon you. Upon you the curse has not fallen. Here you are to-day, sitting in health and vigour; and there, there is that cross appealing to your hearts, telling the wondrous tale, speaking of sufferings unknown before, unknown to man, uttering a love boundless and immense.

Shall it plead in vain? There, see the Father's heart torn and rent. It cannot yet give you up; it cannot yet part with you.

Shall no heart be melted? shall no heart be softened and subdued? Shall God's heart be torn and rent, and your hearts feel no sorrow, no pain, no grief? Shall God's heart struggle with its tender love, and almost burst with its deep affection, and shall no affection be found in those hearts of yours?

Oh, how can you love the world and the world's vanities? How can you love its passing, its fading, its dying fashions? How can you love creatures like yourselves? How can you struggle for a little wealth, a little reputation, a little honour? How can you give nights and days to earthly occupations and pursuits? And shall God's heart be shown you, God's heart torn and rent, and yet no thought of yours be given to Him? Shall the world engross all your esteem, and shall He who has done so much, and who now may be heard saying, with feeling of intensest affection, "How shall I give thee up, Ephraim! how shall I deliver thee, Israel! how shall I make thee as Admah! how shall I set thee as Zebaim! Mine heart is turned within me, my repentings are kindled together"—shall He be heard saying this, and will you still leave this house of prayer, rush careless and indifferent into the world, engage in its follies or lusts, forgetting, neglecting, HATING God?

It is the last time this voice of mine will speak to you; and it would with more solemn tones than ever point to God's struggling heart, and plead with you. It would try and win you to God. It would try and win you from this world. It would speak in the

tenderest accents of God's large, struggling, wondrous heart, and it must speak in decided language, that if all is in vain, if all is despised, God will give you up, God will part with you; that, as He tore himself from Ephraim and Israel, so He will tear himself from you, and leave you to the rackings of despair. We may never meet again in this world; we shall meet at the judgment-seat of Christ! May it be, Holy Father! without blood, but the blood of Jesus: without weeping, but the weeping of unutterable joy!

IV.—THE LECTURE DESK.

This kind of public speaking depends entirely upon the assumption of an ease and affability of manner, and a general fluency combined with distinctness of utterance. Anything like awkwardness in the natural movement of the body, or unsteadiness and diffidence in the parts of speech, must necessarily tend to render the whole discourse farcical and incomprehensible. The general bearing of the lecturer must entirely depend upon the subject of his lecture. If it be of a light, airy, fanciful description, and calculated rather to amuse than instruct the people, the entertainer should assume a behaviour corresponding to the same; but if, on the contrary, the lecture embrace a deal of erudite matter, and be intended as a vehicle for the enlightenment of the public upon certain facts and theories with which they were previously unacquainted, it requires to be delivered in a more delicate and argumentative style. If it be a critical dissertation upon the merits of certain new inventions, &c., it should be read in a somewhat authoritative and commanding tone, as though the lecturer were stating his own opinions, believing them at the same time to be founded upon truth and probability. But if it be an energetic defence of some unpopular theory, or a justification of some unlucky or maligned individual, it will admit of great oratorical display, and in fact, in either of the latter instances, considerable exertion of voice and force of declamation becomes necessary, in order that the audience may be carried away by the torrent of the speaker's eloquence. Thus it will be seen that few positive rules can be given for the general style of delivery suitable to the lecture desk, so much depending upon the speaker's own judgment and intelligence. For instance, if the latter should deliver a grave lecture in a free and easy manner, or a light lecture in a sombre, sonorous voice, as though he were announcing the day of the last

judgment; or if he should adopt an oratorical style of utterance for an argumentative discourse, or give an argumentative rendering of an oratorical dissertation, it is evident that no rule or order of rules would be sufficient to guide that man in the right direction, seeing that he is unendowed with the first requisite of a successful public speaker—the capability of rightly understanding and appreciating what he is delivering.

EXAMPLE FROM MR. HAZLITT'S LECTURE.

It is the present fashion to speak with veneration of old English literature; but the homage we pay to it is more akin to the rites of superstition, than the worship of true religion. Our faith is doubtful, our love cold, our knowledge little or none. We now and then repeat the names of some of the old writers by rote; but we are shy of looking into their works. Though we seem disposed to think highly of them, and to give them every credit for a masculine and original vein of thought, as a matter of literary courtesy and enlargement of taste, we are afraid of coming to the proof, as too great a trial of our candour and patience. We regard the enthusiastic admiration of these obsolete authors, or the desire to make proselytes to a belief of their extraordinary merits, as an amiable weakness, a pleasing delusion, and prepare to listen to some favourite passage that may be referred to in support of this singular taste, with an incredulous smile; and are in no small pain for the result of the hazardous experiment, feeling much the same awkward, condescending disposition to patronise these first rude attempts of poetry and lisps of the muse, as when a fond parent brings forward a beautiful child to make a display of its wit and learning. We hope the best, put a good face on the matter, but are sadly afraid the thing cannot answer. Dr. Johnson said of these writers generally, that “they were sought after because they were scarce, and would not have been scarce, had they been much esteemed.” His decision is neither true history nor sound criticism. They were esteemed, and they deserved to be so.

One cause that might be pointed out here, as having contributed to the long-continued neglect of our earlier writers, lies in the very nature of our academic institutions, which unavoidably neutralises a taste for the production of native genius, and estranges the mind from the history of our own literature, and makes it, in every successive age, like a book sealed. The Greek and Roman classics are a sort of privileged text-books, the standing order of the day, in a University education, and leave little leisure for a competent acquaintance with, or due admiration of, a whole host of able writers of our own, who are suffered to moulder in obscurity on the shelves of our libraries, with a decent reservation of one or two top names, that are cried up for form's sake, and to save the national character. Thus we keep a few of these always ready in capitals, and strike off the rest, to prevent the treachery to

a superfluous population in the republic of letters ; in other words, to prevent the writers from becoming more numerous than the readers. The ancients are become effete in this respect ; they no longer increase and multiply, or if they have imitators among us, no one is expected to read, and still less to admire them. It is not possible that the learned professors and the reading public should clash in this way, or necessary for them to use any precautions against each other. But it is not the same with the living languages, where there is danger of being overwhelmed by the crowd of competitors, and pedantry has combined with ignorance to cancel their unsatisfied claims.

We affect to wonder at Shakespeare, and one or two more of that period, as solitary instances upon record, whereas it is our own dearth of information that makes the waste ; for there is no time more populous of intellect or more prolific of intellectual wealth, than the one we are speaking of. Shakespeare did not look upon himself in this light, as a sort of monster of poetical genius, or on his contemporaries as "less than smallest dwarfs," when he speaks with true, not false modesty, of himself and them, and of his wayward thoughts, "desiring this man's art, and that man's scope." We fancy that there were no such men, that could either add to or take anything away from him, but such there were. He, indeed, overlooks and commands the admiration of posterity, but he does it with the TABLE-LAND of the age in which he lived. He towered above his fellows, "in shape and gesture proudly eminent ;" but he was one of a race of giants—the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them ; but it was a common and a noble brood. He was not something sacred and aloof from the vulgar herd of men, but shook hands with nature and the circumstances of the time, and is distinguished from his immediate contemporaries, not in kind, but in degree and greater variety of excellence. He did not form a class or species by himself, but belonged to a class or species. His age was necessary to him : nor could he have been wrenched from his place in the edifice, of which he was so conspicuous a part, without equal injury to himself and it. Mr. Wordsworth says of Milton, that "his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart." This cannot be said with any propriety of Shakespeare, who certainly moved in a constellation of bright luminaries, and "drew after him the third part of the heavens." If we allow, for argument's sake (or for truth's, which is better), that he was in himself equal to all his competitors put together, yet there was more dramatic excellence in that age than in the whole of the period that has elapsed since. If his contemporaries, with their united strength, would hardly make one Shakespeare, certain it is that all his successors would not make half a one. With the exception of one writer—Otway, and of a single play of his (' Venice Preserved'), there is nobody in tragedy and dramatic poetry (I do not speak of comedy) to be compared to the great men of the age of Shakespeare, and immediately after. They are a mighty phalanx of kindred spirits closing him round, moving in the same orbit, and impelled by the same causes in their whirling and eccentric career.

They had the same faults and the same excellences; the same strength, and depth, and richness; the same truth of character, passion, imagination, thought, and language, thrown, heaped, massed together without careful polishing or exact method, but poured out in unconcerned profusion from the lap of nature and genius in boundless and unrivalled magnificence. The sweetness of Dekker, the thought of Marston, the gravity of Chapman, the grace of Fletcher and his young-eyed wit, Jonson's learned sock, the flowing vein of Middleton, Heywood's ease, the pathos of Webster, and Marlow's deep designs, add a double lustre to the sweetness, thought, gravity, grace, wit, artless nature, copiousness, ease, pathos, and sublime conception of Shakespeare's muse. They are indeed the scale by which we can best ascend to the true knowledge and love of him. Our admiration of them does not lessen our relish for him; but, on the contrary, increases and confirms it. For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters, in local situation, and in the character of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach.—HAZLITT'S *Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Queen Elizabeth*.

We will now proceed to treat of the most difficult branch of public speaking, inasmuch as it embraces the greatest variety, and one which requires great natural aptitude, combined with much laborious study and practical experience, before the tyro can arrive at anything like perfection. We allude to that style of delivery peculiarly adapted to give effect to dramatic representations, and which we shall designate under the general heading of—

V.—THE STAGE.

Here is brought into requisition the faculty of impersonation, without which the finest elocution in the world, the most consummate skill in the management of the several parts of speech, will not of themselves avail to make a successful actor. Here it is necessary, not only indirectly to portray and make manifest, but literally to *embody*, the conceptions of the author. The artist must be enabled to convert the *ideal* into the *real*, and to endue mere imaginary forms and substances with all the properties of *life* and *vigour*; he must thus be capable of *conceiving* as well as *realising*. By *conceiving*, we mean the faculty of divining or comprehending the original intention of the author.

however obscurely the same may be shadowed forth in his writings. Now, as a rule, if an actor's interpretation of a part be erroneous, his performance of it, however brilliant and artistic the same may be, considered as a mere piece of execution, will in reality go for nothing; it thus becomes essential that he should possess, as a primary element, this power of divination, or he will not be enabled to give due effect to any of the numerous characters the active exercise of his profession will call upon him to enact. Thus *mind* and intelligence, combined, as we above stated, with the faculty of impersonation, together with certain personal and physical qualifications, are necessary to the calling of an actor; and it is worse than useless for any one, who is not endowed by Nature with all those requisites, to contemplate the stage as the means of gaining a livelihood. For such, however, as are evidently born and predestined, by comprising in their own persons all the needful faculties, to assume a position among the votaries of the Thespian art, a few remarks in this place, intended for the guidance of the young and uninitiated, will not, we hope, be found to be entirely unproductive of useful results to the learner. Some actors on first going upon the stage conceive the very natural but erroneous notion, that in order to be heard in so large an arena, they must invest their voice with an unnatural loudness, and thus by delivering all passages in the same artificial and elevated tone, destroy at once all harmony of sound, distinction of character, and beauty of expression; so that it matters little whether they are enacting tragedy or comedy, assimilating the emotions of a deposed king in his palace, or mimicking the antics of a buffoon in his kitchen, there will be no perceptible difference, and their style of delivery and assumption of manner will be alike in all instances. Because it is utterly impossible, while speaking in a strained voice, to keep the attention fixed upon anything but such a balancing of the same, that it shall not be liable to break down in inconvenient places, owing to the tax injudiciously laid upon it; thus the *acting* becomes of secondary consideration, and is in fact ultimately lost sight of altogether, while the tyro goes on parroting and screaming out his speeches, much to the affliction of his own vocal organs, and the dissatisfaction of the whole body of his audience. This, then, is a fault particularly to be avoided, and is, in fact, the greatest an actor can commit, being de-

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structive of all art, and not allowing him any scope for the free exercise of his natural talents and capacities. Moreover, experience teaches us that a naturally weak voice can never be rendered more powerful, or more distinctly audible by persons at a distance, by being forced out of its natural compass, as a general rule it only becomes weaker and more unintelligible in consequence. The reason of this is, that what it gains in a kind of *false* shrillness, it loses in volume, and as without volume no voice can travel beyond a very limited range of hearing, in proportion as it is deprived of this property, it becomes more and more undistinguishable in a spacious theatre. Thus, nothing is to be gained by this artificial mode of delivery; on the contrary, everything is to be lost, and in this, as in every other branch of public recitation, Nature should be our only infallible rule and guide.

Great variety of expression, tone, and gesture, are necessary to give effect to dramatic representations. At one time the position of the character we are assuming requires us to deliver our speeches in a purely conversational manner, accompanied by action of a corresponding nature, such as we should use in our own drawing-rooms, when engaged in expatiating upon subjects of trifling and uninteresting import; at another, the situation of the drama compels us to assume a style of utterance suitable to the portrayal of deep feelings and emotions, our gestures, of course, varying, so as to be significant of the same; at other times we find it necessary to speak in that easy, joyous, elevated tone of voice particularly adapted to express hilarity and buoyancy of disposition. In the assimilation of such moods we should be careful to make use of such actions as are equally light, graceful, and expressive, at the same time that they are apparently spontaneous and unstudied. Now and then we have to adopt the purely narrative style of delivery, when little or no action is needful to illustrate the language; and lastly, we are frequently called upon to delineate strong, conflicting, and violent passions, such as anger, jealousy, revenge, &c., when all our powers of voice, gesticulation, and utterance are brought into play; and our intuitive aptitude for mimicry, and mechanical skill as artists, are taxed to the very utmost extent of possibility.

Speeches of the latter description require great skill in the rise and fall, modulation, and general management of the voice, so as to prevent *acting* from degenerating into *rant*.

Now, as this absence or presence of rant is the great line which marks the distinction between the true and false artist, we wish in this place to draw the reader's attention particularly to the same.

Firstly, then, if the speech requiring great exhibition of passion be a long one, and the first line be rendered by the author equally emphatical as the last, it is the business of the actor to reduce this emphasis within the compass of his own powers, as also to suit the tastes of an educated audience. For example, in the curse which the abused and discarded *Lear* hurls at the head of his infamous daughter, as also in many of the speeches which *Othello* delivers to *Iago*, when the latter insinuates into his victim's mind doubts of his wife's honesty; together with the celebrated "do it" speech of *Julia* to *Master Walter* in Knowles's admired play of the "Hunchback," though in all these instances the actor might argue, with some show of reason, that as they were equally forcible in all parts, and everywhere demonstrative of the same amount of passionate energy, they should be delivered throughout in the same key, and with the same degree of force or loudness of voice, without either modulation or variation, to suit his own capacities or the sensitive organs of his listeners; yet, supposing this theory were carried into practice, the result would be a complete jargon of unintelligible sounds, a perfect *Babel* of confused, grinding, purposeless noise, stunning the ears, and jarring upon the nerves of the auditors, till they would be compelled, by vacating their seats, to find a refuge from the bewildering din by which they were surrounded. Besides this, the probability is, that the powers of the actor would be unequal to the demand thus made upon them; and his voice, from becoming gradually weaker and weaker, then hoarser and hoarser, would at length arrive at a premature termination by what is called in technical language a "stage break-down." Thus it is considered as a rule that speeches of this kind should be commenced in a low, concentrated tone of voice, as though the utterance were choked by the intensity of the feelings, then gradually worked up higher and higher, till at length they arrive at the grand climax, which, in point of force and emphasis, should be the crowning effort of all that has gone before. Nor is this rule at all at variance with Nature. How often in common life do we meet with instances of men and

women so exhausted by their passions, that they are for a time incapable of delivering themselves in anything but a hoarse whisper, till at length the volcano within bursting all physical restraint, they break forth in a perfect hurricane of oaths, reproaches, anathemas, or expostulations, according to the different causes which have given rise to such violent and uncontrolled exhibition of their feelings. Thus, though we may have to employ Art in order to render such passages effectively, yet it is only such art as is necessary to enable us to imitate Nature correctly; in fact, the whole study of acting is but the art of copying Nature in the endless variety of her moods, and he alone should be considered the best actor whose drawing of the same is nearest to the great original. Thus, in closing the present section, we have but to reiterate what we have before several times had occasion to observe, namely, that, in all branches of public speaking, we should accept Nature as our sovereign rule and guide, and the only one to which we can at all times defer as being unerring and infallible.

EXERCISE ON THE CONVERSATIONAL STYLE OF
DELIVERY.

MACBETH.

ACT V., SCENE I. A Room in the Castle.

Enter a DOCTOR OF PHYSIC, and a WAITING GENTLEWOMAN.

DOCTOR. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

GENTLEWOMAN. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

DOCTOR. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

GENTLEWOMAN. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

DOCTOR. You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

GENTLEWOMAN. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter LADY MACBETH.

Lo! you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my soul, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

DOCTOR. How came she by that light?

GENTLEWOMAN. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

DOCTOR. You see, her eyes are open.

GENTLEWOMAN. Ay, but their sense is shut.

DOCTOR. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

GENTLEWOMAN. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

EXERCISE ON THE EMOTIONAL STYLE OF DELIVERY.

CYMBELINE

ACT III., SCENE IV.

PISANIO. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the frosting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world; kings, queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

IMOGEN. False to his bed! What is it to be false? To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock; if sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry myself awake; that's false to his bed, is it?

PISANIO. Alas, good lady!

IMOGEN. I false? Thy conscience witness.—Iachimo, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency; Then thou look'dst like a villain; now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy, Who smothered her with painting, hath betray'd him. Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion; And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls, I must be ripped;—to pieces with me! Oh, Men's vows are women's traitors; all good seeming By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought Put on for villany; not born, where't grows; But worn, a bait for ladies.

PISANIO. Good madam, hear me.

IMOGEN. True, honest men being heard, like false Æneas, Were, in his time, thought false; and Sinon's weeping Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthúmus, Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men; Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjured, By thy great fall.—Come, fellow, be thou honest. Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou see'st him, A little witness my obedience. Look! I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit

The innocent mansion of my love, my heart ;
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief :
 Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,
 The riches of it. Do his bidding ; strike !
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

EXERCISE ON THE JOYOUS OR ELEVATED STYLE OF
 DELIVERY.

MERCUTIO'S DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.

Oh, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you :
 She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate stone
 On the forefinger of an alderman,
 Drawn by a team of little atomies,
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonbeams' wat'ry beams ;
 Her whip of cricket's bone ; the lash of film ;
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm,
 Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
 Her chariot is an empty hazel nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmakers.
 And in this state she gallops, night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
 On courtier's knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
 O'er doctor's fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
 O'er lady's lips, who straight on kisses dream.
 Sometimes she gallops o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep,
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
 Of healths five fathoms deep ; and then anon
 Drums in his ears, at which he starts and wakes ;
 And being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
 And sleeps again.

EXERCISES ON PASSIONATE DELIVERY.

JULIA'S SPEECH TO MASTER WALTER.

WALTER. Listen to me.

JULIA. Listen to me, and heed me ! If this contract
 Thou hold'st me to—abide thou the result !
Answer to Heaven for what I suffer !—act !

Prepare thyself for such calamity
 To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
 Have linked them with me, as no past mishap,
 However rare and marvellously sad,
Can parallel! Lay thy account to live
 A smileless life, die an unpitied death,—
Abhorred—abandoned of thy kind,—as one
 Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,
Looked on and saw her rashly peril it;
And when she saw her danger, and confessed
Her fault, compelled her to complete her ruin
 WALTER. Hast done?

JULIA. Another moment, and I have.
 Be warned! *beware* how you abandon me
 To myself? I'm young, rash, inexperienced! tempted
 By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,
 Experience, wisdom, and collectedness,—
 Power, freedom—*everything* that I have not,
 Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou canst save me
 Thou ought'st! *thou must!* I tell thee at his feet
 I'll fall a corse, ere mount his bridal bed!
 So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave;—
And quickly, too! The hour of sacrifice
 Is near! *Anon the immolating priest*
Will summon me! *Devise some speedy means*
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it!
Nor leave the task to me!

LEAR'S CURSE.

ALBANY. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
 Of what hath moved you.

LEAR. It may be so, my lord.—*Hear, Nature, hear!*
Dear goddess, hear! *Suspend thy purpose, if*
Thou did'st intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
 Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
 And be a thwart disnatured torment to her!
 Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
 With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks:
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.—Away, away!

The passages marked in italics are to be delivered in a higher and more emphatic key than any of the accompanying ones.

VI.—THE PLATFORM.

We have but few remarks to offer under this heading, the same requiring an easy, unconstrained delivery, which has been sufficiently treated of in the foregoing sections. For instance, suppose a gentleman be stationed upon the platform of a panorama, engaged in describing and explaining the different scenes as they severally appear and disappear to the eyes of the spectator, it is evident that in his case a general freedom of manner, combined with fluency and distinctness of utterance, are the chief requisites to render him agreeable and intelligible to his audience. With him much variety of tone and gesture is not positively necessary, though, of course, it is an improvement if he have tact enough now and then voluntarily to introduce a little of the same. For such, however, as are not ambitious upon such occasions of figuring as great elocutionists, a uniform style of delivery, so long as it is sensible and comprehensible, is all that is required. In fact, in this kind of recitation it is safer not to attempt too much, the compositions usually put together for such emergencies being of a very mediocre description, and by no means admitting of great elocutionary ornament and display; and to introduce much of these arbitrarily, only tends to make the speaker uneasy and ridiculous. We will, therefore, conclude this section by laying it down as a general rule, that all descriptive speaking, or speaking intended to be explanatory of some mechanical contrivances or illustrations that are at the time exhibiting, should have as little appearance of art and straining after personal effect, as is possible to be assumed by a public speaker.

VII.—CONCLUSION.

Having thus treated of the art of elocution in all its branches, and given general rules for all kinds of delivery, we have merely to add that these rules are by no means absolute, being at all times subject to modification, to suit the requirements of especial cases. No rules can properly be given to instruct the tyro in the use of this privilege, which, like all other privileges, is liable to be abused when invested in the hands of injudicious holders. Here the *judgment* and *intelligence* of the speaker is brought into requisition, and are the only guides by which he can be directed in the right application of this, as, indeed, of all other

principles. The machinery (so to speak) of the science of speaking is so complicated that it defies all efforts to reduce it to anything like a regular and positive system; we are therefore forced to be content with a few general principles, all of which, as we have before stated, are subject to modification according to existing circumstances; any body of rules intended to *direct* the reader when such modification is either desirable or necessary, being entirely out of the question. It would be utterly impossible to provide for all the contingencies of the case, and any attempt to do so would not only be abortive, but serve so to confuse and mystify the learner amongst a labyrinth of bewildering theories and probabilities, that he would at last be incapable of distinguishing the simpler forms of speech, and of applying the rules by which they are governed even in their broader and more general sense. It has, therefore, been considered preferable by all *great* and *practised* elocutionists, who have had any experience in the training of novices in the art, to give a few general directions relative to the leading principles of speaking, without attempting to reduce that, which depends entirely upon the pupil's own natural aptitude and powers of discrimination, to any set, mechanical system, which system never was, and never will be, found of any utility as a substitute for the necessary mental capacity; and supposing the student possessed of this capacity, any such system would be altogether superfluous. We must, therefore, in concluding our present task, take possession of the same ground we occupied on first starting it, and assume that the candidate for elocutionary honours has inherited from Nature the requisite mental (and physical) qualifications (without which all his efforts will be futile), and that he only requires these natural capabilities to be guided in the right direction, and submitted to the regular probationary course, to enable him ultimately to attain the object of his ambition.

THE END.

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